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THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

UP to the time when Parliament reassembled after the short Easter vacation the course of affairs was on the whole favourable to the Government. They surmounted, although with extreme difficulty, the embarrassment caused by Sir ROBERT COLLIER'S appointment. The Opposition succeeded in frightening and discrediting them without forcing them to consider the consequences of a decidedly hostile vote. The defeat in the Lords was arrested by the barest possible majority; but the personal respect felt for the CHANCELLOR, and the frankness and sincerity he displayed in making his defence, whatever his arguments may have been worth, prevented his incurring the vote of censure which he avowedly anticipated. In the Commons the issue was at one time exceedingly uncertain, and it was only at the last hour and by extreme exertion that the Government managed to get together enough support to give it a small majority. Still the danger was over, and the scandal began to be forgotten. Mr. CARDWELL'S army measure was a decided success; and, although Mr. LOWE'S Budget was very unambitious, the payers of Income-tax naturally regarded it as perfectly unobjectionable. Mr. GOSCHEN disarmed opposition by announcing that he intended to undo much of what Mr. CHILDERS had done. As the negotiations with America were still going on, no opportunity for attacking the Government with regard to the Treaty of Washington had offered itself. Mr. DISRAELI went to Manchester, and opened out the vials of his epigrammatic wrath on his adversaries. But he had obviously not much to say against them that had reference to current politics, and they could bear with indifference any amount of abuse for their great Irish measures, in carrying which the House of Commons and the country had given them such cordial and unwavering support. He had no political course to recommend to his supporters, and his silence on the Ballot showed that he could not get his party to follow him in the determined resistance which he had previously announced that he should offer to the measure. Lord DERBY urgently advised the Conservatives to be patient, to give the Government time enough to get into as many scrapes as possible, and, above all things, not to snatch at office by a momentary coalition with discontented Liberals. The Government therefore might reasonably hope that after Easter they would have a tolerably quiet time. They had got out of their worst scrapes; they had produced one good measure, they had offered no new handle for attack, and their adversaries had announced that it was the true policy of the Opposition to keep them in office for the present. This was by no means a glorious position. It betokened a very different state of things from that which existed when Mr. GLADSTONE was the People's WILLIAM. But it was at least moderately safe, and if Mr. GLADSTONE continued to believe that an immutable law of nature limits the popularity of a Liberal Government within a term of three years, he might console himself by the thought that the form in which, so far as he was concerned, the law was manifesting itself, was not a very painful or humiliating one to him and his colleagues.

But lately things have been going badly with the Government. On Monday an amendment which they pronounced almost fatal to their Ballot Bill was carried against them by a majority of one, and on this occasion the Conservatives could not resist the pleasure of coalescing with the discontented Liberals. On Tuesday a resolution which they stigmatized as disordering their whole system of finance was carried against them by the overwhelming majority of a hundred, and Mr. GLADSTONE must have recalled with bitterness the days when he used to have majorities of a hundred always at his command, and everything was bright

and beautiful in his eyes. On Wednesday a Licensing Bill intended to rival that of the Government was brought forward, and Mr. BRUCE was in a terrible strait. A majority prepared to vote for the second reading confronted him, and as a means of escape he proposed the adjournment of the debate. But he was not sure of a majority even in this humble proposal, and he therefore had to take refuge in getting the Bill talked out. It was the clock that saved the Government from a third defeat in three days. Lastly, on Thursday the Government found itself again in a minority on that point in the Ballot Bill on which it had been defeated on Monday; and this time the defeat occurred after the most strenuous efforts had been made to avert it. How has all this happened? Why is the Liberal majority so slack and backward? The question of the proper incidence of local taxation is one perhaps on which opinions may be fairly divided, without reference to party, and the offer made by the Government last year to devote the proceeds of the House-tax to local purposes may have reasonably been held by Liberals to have absolved them from the duty of upholding the Government in its present refusal to let the Imperial taxpayer help the local ratepayer. But the first use of a good working majority is to smuff out amendments of detail prejudicial to the success of a main Ministerial measure, and to clear out of the way attempts of the Opposition to take out of the hands of the Government the framing and conduct of measures on which it is itself engaged. The Conservatives attend the House enthusiastically, and the Liberals do not; and it is a question well worth considering why the attendance of Liberals on whom the Ministry can rely is so precarious. The main cause, we believe, is to be found in the peculiar reasons which make a dissolution at present difficult or almost impossible. The Government could not venture to dissolve. The discomfiture of its adherents is a matter of certainty. It would have a majority perhaps, but it would be a majority painfully small as compared with that which supported Mr. GLADSTONE when he took office, and there is no possible ground on which the Government could base a confident appeal to the people. The Conservatives, on the other hand, let it be understood that they do not wish for a dissolution at present. They want to defer a new election until it would give them a majority, and not merely reduce the majority against them. Wavering Liberals think, therefore, that they are perfectly safe for the present, and that, whatever they do or refuse to do, they cannot for some time be called to account by their constituents. Meanwhile it may seem to them prudent to lie by and not to commit themselves too much. They may think that it will not be well to mix up too intimately their personal fortunes with those of a blundering and ill-starred Government. It is natural that they should attentively meditate over the example of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who, when reproached on seeking to be re-elected for Dover with the badness of the Licensing Bill of last year, took credit for having opposed it, and for having exposed the folly of the Ministry he had subsequently joined. Possibly when the next election comes it may be a comfort to an anxious candidate to be able to assure his Liberal friends that he boldly withstood the Government on the Ballot, that he had tried to relieve them from paying for the support of local lunatics, and that he was present at and deeply deplored the sad spectacle of a Licensing Bill, on which many publicans have bestowed their blessing, being talked out of existence by the allies of a wavering and faint-hearted Ministry.

If Liberals were sure that it would answer for them at the next election to come forward as the unhesitating and uncompromising supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE, they would have a useful guide to action. Two years ago, for a Liberal to have

taken any other line would have been equivalent to throwing away in many constituencies all hope of success. Now the best chance of Liberal candidates would be to stand by the simple and majestic truth that they are Liberals, and that, if they are accepted at all, they have a fair claim to have the organization of their party put in motion on their behalf. They would pass gently and tenderly over the history of the Ministry, and of their connexion with it. If they mentioned Mr. GLADSTONE at all, they would take care to confine themselves to the mythical period of his Ministry when he was a hero and slew the Irish Church and freed Irish land. The recent annals of his Ministry are not an inviting subject for his friends. The Government cannot catch the humours or win the confidence or affection of the people just now; and of this there are two obvious causes. The one thing which the English people above all requires in a Ministry is that it should manage the foreign affairs of the nation with discretion and vigilance. No one can say that lately the foreign affairs of England, as regards the United States, have been managed with either discretion or vigilance. The Ministers were in far too great a hurry to conclude a Treaty, however obscure might be its provisions; and after it was concluded they regarded with culpable negligence and apathy the difficulties that sprang out of it, until they were stirred into activity by the appeals of the public. Then, again, they daily show inaptitude for the despatch of public business. After three years' delay they produce in the House of Lords their great measure of Law Reform, and it is half killed before it can be properly said to be born by the damaging criticisms of the CHIEF JUSTICE. In the House of Commons night after night is wasted in the discussion of a measure, the details, the scope, and the consequences of which are not in the least understood by the Minister who has charge of it. Mr. GLADSTONE, too, uses none of the arts of a leader, and studiously lives in a little world of his own, inaccessible to the wishes, the advice, or the remonstrances of his party. The retirement of Mr. BRIGHT damped the enthusiasm with which the more ardent Liberals once regarded the Ministry, and there is no subordinate of Mr. GLADSTONE who can rally, guide, or charm his supporters. If Mr. GLADSTONE does not keep his party together, there is no one else to do it. At one time it seemed as if Mr. FORSTER might have filled the useful office of the PREMIER's right-hand man. But he has provoked, however undeservedly, the enmity of the Nonconformists, and his collapse on the Ballot Bill has shown that he does not appreciate how much is demanded of a statesman who aspires to pass beyond the list of clever, useful officials. No doubt the misfortunes of the Government are not wholly their own fault. Much is looked at in dark colours now which would have been passed over as immaterial if they had been in the full tide of success. In many directions they are trying to do their work well, and they have carefully refrained this Session from giving vague hints of vast projects and encouraging random hopes. But as much may almost always be said of a Ministry. A Government that is losing ground, that is talked of generally with little respect and much distrust, is not necessarily composed of inefficient public servants neglecting their duty. All that can be said in most instances is what may be said now of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government; that it does not get on well, that through its demerit or ill-luck it does not practically succeed, that its supporters do not support it, and that its opponents alternately ridicule and patronize it.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

THE Note or Protest which has been presented to the Arbitrators at Geneva may or may not be sufficient for its purpose. The English Government consistently adheres to the almost deferential tone in which it has from the beginning of the negotiations attempted, with little success, to consult American susceptibility. It was probably for the purpose of avoiding any dispute which might have arisen from the presentation of the Counter Case that Lord GRANVILLE anxiously convinced himself that the American Government would not take advantage of a proceeding which seemed to tend to the hindrance of the arbitration. General SCHENCK assured him that the Counter Case might be delivered without prejudice to the position which the English Government had assumed in the correspondence. After expressing his own opinion, the American Minister obtained the authority of his Government to repeat a declaration which is unfortunately ambiguous. It was not to be expected after previous experience that the

implied proposition should be understood by the American Government in the sense which it conveys to an English understanding. When Lord TENTERDEN presented the Counter Case and the Protest to the American agents, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS professed surprise, and entire ignorance of the intentions of his Government. There can be no doubt that he will be prepared to reconcile his statements with the language of the American Minister in London, but it would seem that General SCHENCK's communication must have been less significant than it appeared to Lord GRANVILLE. The American Government will perhaps contend that the Arbitrators were already fully seized of the litigation, and that consequently the presentation of the Counter Case, with or without an accompanying Protest, could neither increase nor diminish the liability of England to be bound by the result of an unauthorised inquiry. It would have been more dignified and more prudent to decide on the course which was to be adopted without reference to the wishes or suggestions of an astute opponent. It must have occurred to the English Ministers that General SCHENCK had some object to promote by his considerate declaration. The American Government has hitherto, without a shadow of pretext, insisted on referring to the Arbitrators the preliminary issue of the scope and extent of the original reference; and it was perhaps thought that, if England could be induced to proceed to another stage in the pleadings, the Tribunal might be induced to enlarge its own powers with the apparent sanction of both litigants. It is true that, if no Counter Case had been presented, the pleadings would still under the provisions of the Treaty have been complete. It was possible that one or both parties might consider a replication unnecessary, and elect to rely on the arguments and statements of the original Case; but when the first documents were delivered to the Tribunal, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's offensive tirade had not raised the question of the extent and meaning of the reference. The English Case could by no possibility be supposed to recognize the admissibility of the insolent demand for 300,000,000*l.* on account of the pretended prolongation of the war. The Counter Case, on the other hand, has been framed with full notice of the extravagant pretensions of the American agents; and it might, by a possible error of judgment, be regarded as a condonation of the miscarriage. The American Government probably by this time suspects that the advocate whom it thought fit to employ has overreached himself and his clients; but Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS still represents the United States, and he disregards or explains away the formal assurances of the American Minister in London.

The indirect language of the Protest might have been advantageously exchanged for plainer English. The Arbitrators are not bound to have read the Correspondence to which they are referred for an explanation of the determination of the English Government. If they are so inclined, they may declare that, although the Counter Case may have been presented without prejudice, no notice has been given of the determination to reject the competence of the Arbitrators to deal with the indirect claims. It would have been easy to announce that, unless the American demand is withdrawn before the 15th of June, the Arbitration will, as far as England is concerned, become finally impossible. The position taken in the Correspondence may be represented as an assertion of a right to repudiate the jurisdiction, without any express announcement of the resolution to exercise the right to the fullest extent. The Americans are probably not yet disabused of their natural belief in the unbounded pliability of the English Government. It is certain that every phrase which can be twisted into ambiguity will be interpreted in the sense most favourable to the American contention, and that no overture will be spared which seems likely to procure fresh concessions. It will be too late to withdraw when the arbitration has once commenced. The Americans have repeatedly, and with probable sincerity, declared that they attach little importance to the amount of money which may be awarded; and a triumph over England would cause universal gratification. If the Arbitrators could be persuaded, after taking cognizance of the indirect claims, to award a gross sum, however small, a part of the amount would be assumed to represent the claims to which the English nation has unanimously demurred. As in the case of AJAX and ULYSSES, the prize would remain with the disputant who had forced his adversary against his will to engage in the contest. The sole argument of those American journals which urge the prosecution of the indirect claims is that it is impossible for their Government to admit that it has been guilty of error or of an attempt at extortion. The inference that the injured party must give way to the

wrongdoer is highly characteristic. It is not known that, with the exception of Mr. SUMNER and a few of the more violent enemies of England, any American politician of character and status still affects to regard as reasonable the claim of damages for the prolongation of the war. Even a French Professor of Law, who has been induced to publish a pamphlet in favour of the American proposal of submitting the question to the Arbitrators, carefully guards himself against the discreditable suspicion that he has any disposition to maintain the validity of the actual claims. It must be confessed that the difficulty of retreating from a false position was increased by the unaccountable delay of the English Government in remonstrating against Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS's extravagant demands.

The Protest itself incidentally illustrates the readiness of the English Government to make any concession for which a reasonable pretext can be found. The American Commissioners adroitly included the expenses of their own cruisers among the direct claims, when they offered to waive the equally indirect claims for insurance and prolongation of the war in consideration of an amicable settlement. The terms of the Treaty referred only to the claims which had in the official Correspondence been preferred exclusively on behalf of private citizens. If the previous negotiation has no bearing on the Treaty, the claims for the supposed expenses of the American navy are excluded from the reference; but although there are indications that the amount of the demand for watching the Confederate cruisers will be exorbitant, the English Government considers itself bound by the understanding recorded in the Protocol of the 10th of May. The risk incurred may perhaps not be considerable, inasmuch as it is difficult to imagine that any Arbitrator will recognize so remote a kind of consequential damage. In this case, as on other occasions, the English Commissioners thought it no part of their duty to check American exactions. As the audacious assumption of their acuter colleagues was allowed to pass without protest at the time, the English Government rightly holds itself bound by the tacit omission of its obliging representatives.

The rumour of a disposition on the part of the American Government to withdraw or modify its pretensions has within a few days acquired a certain amount of consistency. There can be little doubt that the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE have by this time satisfied themselves that they have made a muddle; and they may reasonably apprehend the unpopularity which they are likely to incur if they cause the failure of their boasted Treaty. Their unsuccessful experiment on the patience of a long-suffering nation has already crippled many useful enterprises by the blow which has been inflicted on credit; but great merchants and money-dealers form a small minority of the population, and there is every reason to suppose that general opinion is opposed to any kind of retraction. If the long-delayed answer to Lord GRANVILLE's Note should contain any kind of overture, it is to be hoped that Parliament will, by seasonable pressure, restrain the Government from a hasty abandonment of its position. It is, after late experience, absolutely necessary to take care that there shall be no verbal ambiguity on which subsequent pretensions may be founded. The Government which directed General SCHENCK to encourage the presentation of a Counter Case accompanied by a Protest simultaneously instructed Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS to profess surprise at the delivery of the document. In the almost certain contingency of an ultimate failure of the Treaty, the English Government will be reproached for the timid and hesitating language which has been used in the fear of offending the adverse party; yet Americans must be strangely misinformed if they are capable of doubting that the national resolution is both definite and irrevocable.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Government sustained on Thursday night a very decisive defeat on a point which it had magnified into one of great importance. The question was, whether a voter who wilfully showed his voting-paper at the time of voting should be liable to be imprisoned for doing so. The Government, after having had ample time to consider, announced that they deemed it indispensable that a voter so acting should be liable to imprisonment. Mr. HARCOURT on Monday night opposed the notion of punishing a voter for making known how he voted, and Mr. FAWCETT declared that it was a detestable piece of tyranny to prevent an Englishman from letting all the world know in what manner he had exercised a public trust. Seventeen Liberals joined the ranks of the Conservatives,

and an amendment moved by Mr. HARCOURT was carried by a majority of one. On Thursday the Government made a very great effort to secure a reversal of this decision. There was a very full House, and great excitement. Mr. HARCOURT again led the attack on the Government, and was loudly cheered and applauded by his newly-found Conservative friends; but it was evident that there was a much more serious danger for the Government than any indicated by the union of free-lance Liberals and excited Conservatives. Sir GEORGE GREY and Mr. CHILDERS both announced that they must vote against the Government, and although this somewhat relieved the impending division from being, if adverse to the Government, a party triumph to the Opposition, yet it showed how great was the risk which the Government was running. At last the division was taken, and a majority of twenty-eight pronounced against Mr. GLADSTONE. He was at once invited to explain whether he intended to abandon the Bill, an element which he had represented as essential to its proper constitution having been taken away from it. He replied that, much as he regretted the decision of the House, he thought that the Bill still contained enough that was valuable in it to warrant him in persevering. In this he was undoubtedly right. Mr. CHILDERS is a warm advocate of the Ballot, but he voted against the proposal of the Government on the ground that in Australia a similar security for secret voting had been actually adopted, and had been abandoned after experience of its working had been obtained, while all the advantages that he saw in the Ballot had been found to have been secured without it. The Government could not have withdrawn the Bill altogether because it did not contain a proviso which an advocate of the Ballot, one of their own surest friends, and till lately a member of the Cabinet, opposed on the ground that practically it had not been found of any great use or importance. Mr. GLADSTONE answered Mr. CHILDERS by saying that what might be true of Australia need not be true of England, and this is one of those vague statements which no one can deny. But when it came to a question of giving up the Bill, it was impossible that the results of Australian experience adduced by Mr. CHILDERS should not have their effect, and should not render it absurd to abandon the great Bill of the Session on a point where arguments were doubtful, and the only experience attainable was against the Government.

But this was not all. The line taken by the Liberal party and by the Government last Session—and, still more, the blunders of the Government on this very point this Session—had made it impossible that the Ministry should now contend that the proposal to impose a severe penalty on the voter should be taken as an essential part of a Ballot Bill. The House of Commons last year adopted a provision inflicting on a voter showing his voting-paper a pecuniary penalty, and none of the Liberals who now say that a mere pecuniary penalty will be wholly inoperative, and that the Bill will be a mere sham without a penalty of imprisonment being attached to the offence, had then a word to say against that which they this Session so vehemently condemn. But before the Bill left the Commons Mr. FORSTER, in order to secure, if possible, its passing in the Upper House, decided to cut out of it all that was not material to its operation, and he actually, with the assent of his party, cut out as immaterial the infliction of even a pecuniary penalty on the voter. The Bill which the Lords were invited to sanction, and for refusing to consider which they were so severely blamed by some extreme Liberals, was a Bill in which there was no provision for punishing the voter. This year, after ample time for reflection, the Government brought in their Bill, and again there was no clause in it punishing the voter. When Mr. LEATHAM proposed to inflict the penalty of imprisonment, Mr. FORSTER agreed on behalf of the Government to be content with a pecuniary penalty, and he was only argued into adopting the penalty of imprisonment by some of his supporters. It was ridiculous, after all this, to speak of a Ballot Bill as worth nothing unless it contained some such provision as Mr. LEATHAM desired to insert. Mr. HARCOURT made the most of the opportunity thus afforded him. The Government was in such a mess that, wherever he chose to hit them, his blows could hardly fail to strike home. He could say with perfect truth that he was doing nothing more than asking the House to adopt the Government Bill as it was sent to the Lords last year, and as it passed the second reading in the Commons this year. The argument as a personal one against the Ministry was unanswerable. If the proposal to imprison the voter for showing his voting-paper was a vital and essential part of the Bill, how did it happen that Mr. FORSTER

struck out of last year's Bill, as immaterial, the provision for inflicting a much lighter penalty, that he brought in a Bill this year inflicting no penalty at all, and that after a proposal to punish by imprisonment had been made, he avowed that he would be content with a pecuniary penalty? The division was not altogether a party triumph for the Conservatives, for no one could believe that Mr. CHILDERS and Sir GEORGE GREY were like the ordinary discontented Liberals who enjoy a defeat of the Government as much as the Conservatives do. But in one way it was a party triumph, which was felt in a perfectly legitimate manner, for it recorded the dismay of the House at finding how very imperfectly the Ministry understood their own measure, and how very little thought had been bestowed on the preparation of a Bill of the first order of importance.

If we forget the past history of the Bill, and attend only to the arguments used on either side, the new-born eagerness of the Government to subject the voter to a severe penalty if he discloses how he votes at the time of voting seems in a great measure justifiable. The discussion on Mr. LEATHAM's amendment brought into conspicuous light a new theory of the Ballot Bill. This is the view that a voter has a right to vote openly if he pleases. The proper Ballot Bill, it is said, is a Bill for enabling those to vote secretly who choose, leaving those who like to vote openly at perfect liberty to do so. The Ballot is thus a device for protecting a weak minority, and ought not to be perverted into an instrument for muzzling brave and honest men, and preventing them from recording their votes in a manly British way, and as those should vote who know that they are executing a public trust. In the first place, this argument goes much too far and is fatal to the Bill altogether; and in the next place, the Bill as it now stands, even after Mr. LEATHAM's amendment has been rejected, is totally inconsistent with the theory that the majority have a right to record their votes openly. If it were really the intention of the Legislature that this theory should be adopted, the proper way would be to allow open voting to go on just as at present, with the proviso that any one who would publicly own himself to be a coward—one of a weak minority, and afraid to execute a public trust in the proper way—might have the privilege of retiring into a little booth or closet, and of there giving his vote in a miserable and secret way. If such were the state of things, the weak minority would not be protected at all. The essence of the Ballot is that all shall be made to vote secretly. Let us suppose that there are a few men in a Trade Union who wish to rebel against the tyranny of the association. All but these few would vote openly as they were bid to do. The few who asked to be allowed to vote secretly would just as much have proclaimed their disaffection as if they had openly recorded it. If the majority against the Government indicated that the majority of the House of Commons is in favour of what is called a Permissive Ballot, the Government had much better withdraw the Bill at once. But the Bill as it now stands does not countenance this theory in the least. Every voter must vote alone; he must make no mark on his voting-paper connecting his name with his vote; he is to fold up his paper so as to conceal his vote, and then deposit it in the ballot-box. The Bill expressly provides that the elector shall mark his voting-paper "secretly"; a proposal to omit the word "secretly" was last week rejected by a majority of 202 to 126; and it is impossible to contend that an elector who must mark his paper secretly is regarded by the Bill as a person entitled to proclaim, when voting, how he votes. No one will be present while this process is going on but the presiding officer, his clerk, and the agents of the candidates. All these persons are solemnly pledged not to give any information as to how any voter has voted, and are to be severely punished if they do; while any one, whether of those present in the voting place or not, who induces, directly or indirectly, a voter to show, while voting, how he votes, is to be punishable with six months' imprisonment. This is totally unlike a Permissive Ballot Bill, and the only question was whether the voter himself should be punishable with imprisonment who, after having secretly marked his paper, should, before folding it up so as to conceal his vote, wilfully let the Returning Officer, or his clerks, or the agents of the candidates, see how he had marked his paper. There is very much to be said both ways. If the voter is allowed to show to the agents of the candidates how he voted, the objects of the Ballot Bill are unquestionably defeated. The briber will know whether the man bribed has earned his money; the intimidator will know whether his

victim has done his bidding. That precautions must be taken against this is obvious, and the only doubt is whether it is necessary to frighten the voter by heavy penalties from showing his paper, or whether it is sufficient to frighten those who are likely to try to make him show his paper and those who will disclose afterwards how he has voted. The Government urged with much force that the way to stop the paper from being shown is to strike at the man who shows it, and that a voter pressed to disclose his paper would be best protected by having it in his power to reply that he should be imprisoned if he did so. The argument on the other side was that the desired end might be attained by striking at the men who would try to see the papers disclosed, and that a voter should not come to the poll with any fear that, if he makes a mistake in his manner of voting, he may be sent to prison. On the whole, the last consideration has, rightly perhaps, prevailed with the House of Commons. The danger of deterring voters from voting is the greatest danger that any new scheme of recording votes can carry with it. A general feeling that it was not safe to vote under the Ballot Bill would make the working of the system impossible; and the penalties imposed on those who try to make the voter disclose his vote, or who disclose how he has voted, are so severe that the best course would seem to be to try whether they will not be efficacious.

SPAIN.

THE estimates formed of the results of the Spanish elections vary largely, but it is admitted that the Government has obtained a majority ranging from fifty to a hundred. On the other hand, the capital, following the example of Paris in the latter days of the Empire, returns only Opposition candidates; and the defeated party throughout the country refuses to acknowledge the validity of the apparent national decision. Two or three years ago Mr. BEALES and other demagogues were in the habit of contrasting the liberty enjoyed by Spain with the narrow and obsolete institutions of their own country; yet it seems that universal suffrage and the ballot afford no sufficient guarantee of popular rights. According to the statements of the Opposition, which represent either an actual or a credible state of affairs, the agents of the Government have by fraud and violence converted the election into an idle mockery. Señor RIVERO, a late Minister and a politician of respectable character, informs ZORRILLA that he has retired from a contest at Eciija because he was unwilling to repel force by force, "a thing very easy for me to have done." The Opposition Committee of "the immortal Gerona" state that they are compelled to withdraw from the poll because the returning officers have been attacked by the Government followers, who have also committed many other irregularities. It is highly probable that Gerona is at least as exempt from violence as Galway; but in Ireland it is not the Government which renders it a dangerous enterprise to give a vote. One of the alleged grievances is that no voting papers are to be obtained from the proper authorities; or rather perhaps that evil-disposed electors only are favoured by the issue of the necessary documents. It is probable that in many instances the charges against the Government are invented as excuses for abstaining from an unpromising trial of strength; but in Spain, as in France, it is the instinct of official persons to distrust and coerce to the utmost of their power a theoretically sovereign people. It will probably be contended on the part of the Ministry that it was necessary to counteract the intrigues and the violence of the clergy in the rural districts, and of the Republicans and Internationalists in the towns. The mass of the population is perhaps puzzled with the choice between the bitterly hostile leaders who nominally belong to the Progressionist party, though SAGASTA depends mainly on Conservative support, while ZORRILLA has, for the purposes of the contest, allied himself with all the outlying factions, including at one extreme the Carlists and at the other the Republicans. In parts of Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, Carlist bands have since the close of the election attempted one of their hopeless insurrectionary movements; and disturbances are expected to occur in the Basque provinces. It is not known whether the promoters of the agitation allege any special provocation; and it is not likely that the professed supporters of absolute monarchy can seriously pretend to be scandalized by the interference of the present Government with the elections.

An Opposition journal has published a circular letter of instructions to Civil Governors which is said to have been composed for the purpose of the elections of last year by SAGASTA, who was then, as now, Minister of the Interior or Home Office.

The paper may probably be spurious, as it has the appearance of a caricature; but it would not have been published if it had not expressed, with or without exaggeration, the administrative principles which are supposed to be held by Spanish Ministers. The general tenor of the document may be inferred from a few of the instructions which are furnished by its author to the functionaries who manage the elections. One of their duties is, through their agents, to excite seditious demonstrations in favour of CHARLES VII. or of the Republic, as a basis for prosecutions which may instil into the minds of the constituencies a salutary respect for the Government. The polling booths are to be packed with trustworthy voters belonging to the army, the police, and the civil service; and when the Opposition voters finally penetrate to the place of voting, the greatest possible delay is to be created by a deliberate examination of the voting tickets. The presidents and secretaries who act as returning officers are enjoined to set their watches half an hour forward, in order that at the commencement of the polling as many Ministerial votes as possible may be deposited in the urns. It is also recommended that a few parish priests should immediately before the election be sent to prison on charges preferred by false witnesses who are to be engaged for the purpose. It would not be surprising if it should appear that one of the imaginary victims of perjury is the real author of the circular; but it must be difficult to obtain a free expression of public opinion in a country where it can be worth while to concoct such forgeries. The subordinate officers of the Government may not improbably believe without authority that interference with elections will be favourably regarded by their superiors. The description of the embarrassments which they are to interpose in the way of Opposition voters is evidently copied from that which is either known or believed to be ordinary official practice.

While the regular Progressist Opposition has discredited itself by alliance with the anti-dynastic factions, it is thought that the more legitimate coalition between SAGASTA and the Liberal Union is in danger of a rupture. Of the Ministerial majority more than three-fifths are Unionists, who recognize SERRANO and TOPETE as their leaders. It is evident that without the aid of SAGASTA and his adherents they would not be able to form a Ministry, unless they could succeed in uniting themselves with some other section of the Cortes; but if they could secure the aid of the few Conservatives who have acted with ZORRILLA during the elections, they would form the strongest of the four or five parties into which the Cortes are divided. In Spain the chances are always in favour of a change of Ministry; and in the fifteen months of his reign the KING has already had to deal with five or six Cabinets. A judicious and patriotic Spaniard would probably wish that SAGASTA should remain in office, not because he is better than his rivals, but that some kind of government may be consolidated. In Australia, where the people are accustomed after the English fashion to manage their own affairs, incessant changes of Ministry may be tolerated as a comparatively harmless kind of political gambling. In Southern Europe a want of respect for authority weakens the chief motive power of public and private action. Since the death of PRIM Spain has had no statesman to trust or to fear, although it may be hoped that the KING will more and more command general respect and confidence. The prospective permanency of the throne affords an element of strength, though an elected KING necessarily dispenses with the more important advantage of traditionary custom. The anarchy of opinion which prevails is curiously illustrated in a letter published by General LETONA, who has since been justly punished for his insolence by dismissal from his post as a member of the Supreme Council of War. The General announces that he had supported the Revolution of 1868 in the hope that the Duke and Duchess of MONTPENSIER would succeed to the vacant throne; but he condescends to admit that he is still bound by the oath of allegiance which he has subsequently taken to KING AMADEO. If, after due trial, and before or after a bloody struggle, the KING should think proper to abandon his ungrateful task, General LETONA trusts that the "constitutional Alfonsino-Montpensierist" cause may triumph. It is not easy to understand how the conflicting pretensions of Prince ALFONSO and his uncle could be reconciled; nor is it necessary to enter upon the question. It is surprising that a general officer in active employment should conceive that he was at liberty to anticipate the overthrow or retirement of his Sovereign, and to speculate openly on the choice which might afterwards be made among competing pretenders.

Fortunately for the KING, none of his possible rivals possess any considerable strength. A deposed ruler or his children with more or less colour of hereditary right may often be for-

midable to the actual possessor of the Crown; but the Duke of MONTPENSIER has not reigned, nor could he have acquired any title except by national election. Queen ISABELLA's right by descent was more than doubtful; and her son is still a boy, while her own personal disqualifications are universally acknowledged. CHARLES VII. is plausibly regarded by his followers as KING by divine right; but the principles which he professes are obsolete and unpopular, and his pretensions are recognized only in some parts of the Northern provinces. The Republic, though it may be more dangerous in the future than any pretender to the throne, is at present odious to the middle classes, and to all possessors of property. In the new Cortes the party has only been able to return forty or fifty members, although its cause has been advocated since the last Revolution by the most eloquent of Spanish orators. In France the Republic has inherited the organization of the Empire, and it is maintained either as a permanent or as a provisional arrangement by the statesman who alone forms the Executive Government, while he controls or overrules the Assembly. The Spanish Republicans are identified in the popular judgment with the partisans of spoliation and anarchy; nor can they have enhanced the estimation in which they are held by their recent alliance with the Carlists against the actual Government. Since the fall of Queen ISABELLA the army has been laudably neutral or passive in the midst of the strife of factions. PRIM, though he had risen to power as a military adventurer, proclaimed as Minister and Commander-in-Chief the sound doctrine that soldiers had, as such, nothing to do with politics. SERRANO has never been suspected of inordinate ambition; and there is no other chief whose rank or reputation would enable him to imitate the career of NARVAEZ or O'DONNELL. It is not improbable that the KING, who is, like all the princes of the House of SAVOY, a soldier, and who has seen active service in the field, may acquire ascendancy in the army as well as in the State. He has on many occasions shown respect for the constitutional doctrines which Continental countries have borrowed from England; but, if his reign continues, he will find it necessary to take an active and independent part in public affairs. The Ministerial majority in the new Cortes at first sight seems to justify the KING's consent to a dissolution.

THE APPELLATE JURISDICTION BILL.

WE fear that the LORD CHANCELLOR's effort to reform the great Appellate Courts of the Empire will not be more successful than his earlier essays in law reform. The shadows of coming opposition which have already crossed the path of the preliminary Resolution are ominous of failure. It is true that the objections dimly indicated by LORD CAIRNS and others are founded on theories that will scarcely bear a close investigation; but it is conceivable that a resistance which purports to be based on a large, though untenable, principle may be sustained hereafter by objections to the details of the projected measure better founded than any sweeping arguments against all reform whatever.

On the broad question whether it is desirable to replace such anomalous tribunals as the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee by a really commanding Court of Appeal, we cannot bring ourselves to doubt the wisdom or the necessity of some such reform as Lord HATHERLEY seems to contemplate. The arguments against any change are not perhaps quite so contemptible as is sometimes assumed, but they are far outweighed by the solid benefits which a really effectual measure would bestow upon suitors. It is said with some truth that it is scarcely less important that our ultimate Courts of Appeal should command the reverence of those who are bound by their decisions than that they should be the soundest and wisest tribunals that the country can command. It is conceivable that the respect paid to the decisions of the QUEEN in Council may be enhanced in the minds of distant colonists and dusky Hindoos by the sort of halo cast about the Privy Council by its nominal association with the Sovereign. It is said to be an actual fact that even hard-headed Scotchmen feel less annoyance at being defeated before the House of Lords than they would do if the adverse judgment were pronounced by a less august, though possibly more efficient, body of paid English lawyers. Sentiment and superstition of this kind, though it may provoke a smile, is not wholly to be disregarded; but we believe that the weight of such considerations has been absurdly exaggerated, and that they do not deserve for a moment to be set off against the real defects of our present appellate arrangements. The House of Lords is,

and the Judicial Committee till lately was, made up for appellate purposes of dilettante Judges, who have often been insufficient in number and not always quite first-rate in capacity. There have been times, which may recur, when the irreversible decisions of the House have been pronounced by a single law lord, assisted by two lay figures, as the unfortunate peers who are entrapped to make a quorum have not inaptly been termed. The sittings are of necessity too infrequent and intermittent to get the business disposed of without serious arrears, and this evil would be greatly aggravated if the number of appeals were not kept far below the natural amount by the enormous and inexcusable expenses which the procedure involves. The varying constitution of the judicial body, determined by the convenience or caprice which it is the privilege of unpaid Judges to consult, is another grave defect. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is no longer open to these objections to the same extent as formerly, but it has not yet under the new system acquired, and we do not know why it should acquire, any higher estimation than Courts which exercise only a very inferior jurisdiction.

Any Lord Chancellor who should succeed in replacing these imperfect Courts by a tribunal composed of lawyers, the strongest and most learned to be found in the country, and bound, as men who take rank and emoluments for service are bound, to work diligently and continuously in their high functions, would give us much more than an equivalent for the loss of the superstitious regard which such ancient and dignified bodies as the House of Lords and the Privy Council may be supposed to command. But the project of the LORD CHANCELLOR must be greatly developed and modified to ensure such a result. The scheme as announced amounts to little more than the perpetuation of the two existing tribunals of appeal under new names, with the addition of a few paid members. On the House of Lords division of the proposed Court it is intended that all peers who have been Chancellors, Judges, or even barristers of a certain standing, shall be qualified to sit; an arrangement which will clearly not suffice to exclude persons wholly unfit to form part of a body which should include none but lawyers of the highest and best tried capacity. The Privy Council division is to be constituted very much as it is now, except that the salaries of paid members are to be raised from 5,000*l.* to 6,000*l.* a year; a provision which, if introduced into a former measure, would have saved the Ministry from one of the least agreeable incidents of the Session.

These changes, so far as they go, are undoubtedly good, but we fear that they do not go far enough to secure the sort of tribunal the creation of which could alone justify any disturbance of the time-honoured system under which suitors suffer at present. In the first place, we have no faith in a composite Court made up partly of paid and partly of unpaid members. You may, as experience has shown, get men to undergo considerable judicial labour with no other reward than the high honour of sitting on a tribunal which consults its dignity by administering justice gratuitously in the last resort. We know both the good and the evil of such a system. But once deprive the Court of the glory which it wins by scornful emolument, as you do by the introduction of paid members and by the substitution of compulsory for voluntary attendance, and you will scarcely find that it exercises its old attraction, such as it was, upon the veterans of the law. Paid and unpaid Judges will not long sit side by side, and the upshot of the scheme will be a couple of Courts, each composed of from three to five Judges, with rank and emolument inferior to some others of the judicial body. The plan of tempting ex-Chancellors by the addition of 1,000*l.* a year to their pensions will not, we venture to think, gain many recruits, and the Courts will neither in numbers nor in the qualifications of the members occupy the commanding position which the ultimate appellant tribunal ought to enjoy.

It seems, moreover, to be part of the project to abolish the existing intermediate appeals both at Common Law and in Equity. In itself we doubt much whether this would be in any way beneficial. There are serious defects, both theoretical and practical, in the constitution of the Exchequer Chamber, but (with the exception that two is an inadequate number of Judges for a Court of Appeal) the Lords Justices' Court affords a more economical, and not less satisfactory, resort than the proposed division of the ultimate Appeal Court is likely to supply. The vexed question of an intermediate appeal need not perhaps be discussed at length until it is certain that its abolition will be part of the Government Bill; but it is clear that the two proposed divisions of the Court will be quite incapable of getting through their work if every appeal from a Superior Court of first instance

is to come to them. Such appeals in Chancery alone at present occupy the whole time of one Court; for the days otherwise employed by the Lords Justices are more than balanced by the sittings in Chancery of the Lord Chancellor himself. Common Law appeals, with Scotch and Irish appeals, will be fully enough for a second division, and the Indian and Colonial business is not likely to be diminished by the improvement of the Court in efficiency and economy. And there will remain the Divorce, Ecclesiastical, and Admiralty business to be disposed of somehow. Possibly the LORD CHANCELLOR will prefer to drop his proposal to abolish the intermediate jurisdictions rather than be driven to the necessity of establishing a third, and perhaps a fourth, division of the ultimate Court, and we see no escape from these alternatives. It is in itself an objection to throw an excessive amount of work upon so august a body, for the number of Judges of the highest possible qualifications, though very likely sufficient in ordinary times to dispose of all business of grave importance, will seldom be adequate to the correction of every mistake which may be made by any one of the numerous Courts of first instance to be found within the limits of the British Empire or even of the United Kingdom. On the mere score of economy of judicial power, it seems dangerous to ask so much from the final Court of Appeal as the LORD CHANCELLOR proposes. Nature is not too lavish of the highest class of minds, and when they are met with, they are apt to be as costly as they are scarce. It would seem wise, therefore, independently of other considerations, to sift out by a preliminary appeal as many as possible of the comparatively insignificant cases on which the labours of the new Court would otherwise be in a measure wasted, and by which its pre-eminence would inevitably be diminished in proportion as its work and its numbers were increased.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

LORD GRANVILLE'S answer to the Spanish despatch on the International Society was a courteous refusal to adopt any exceptional measures. As the members of the French Commune are allowed to enjoy an undisturbed refuge in England, it would be impossible to concur with any foreign Power in prosecuting persons who have merely combined in the expression of certain theoretical opinions. It is probably true that the International Society, and more especially the Continental sections of the body, would willingly embrace an opportunity of overthrowing almost any existing Government; but the punishment to which insurgents or conspirators might become liable would be inflicted in consequence of their acts or definite intentions, and not because they were members of any club, however mischievous. The POPE and Cardinal CULLEN lose no occasion of execrating the Freemasons, whose organization in England, and probably in many other countries, is, as far as secular law and morality are concerned, perfectly innocent. The English Parliament would be guilty of a similar absurdity if it were to affix penalties to the corporate enunciation of any doctrines whatever. It is conceivable that a Legislature in many countries might think it necessary to silence malcontents; but the English principle of toleration has been in the present generation firmly established. The Spanish nation cannot take it amiss that attacks on their institutions should not be regarded as more dangerous than proposals of political and social revolution in England. Our own ODGERS and BRADLAUGHS, though they belong to the International, propound its anarchical doctrines in a dozen other clubs, such as the Land and Labour League, and the Society which lately met at the "Hole-in-the-Wall." The subversion of the throne, of the House of Lords, of the Church, and generally of property and social order, is in this country a common subject of discussion, though the advocacy of revolution is at present confined to a small and noisy faction. Lord GRANVILLE courteously declares that the English Government would highly disapprove of any plots which might be formed in England against a friendly State. He might have added that there is little probability that the demagogues of the International Society who reside in London will be willing or able to cause any disturbance in Spain. The unbounded liberty which attracts all the anarchists of Europe to England at least removes them from their own respective countries, where they would have more facilities than in exile for giving trouble to authority. Another incidental advantage arises from the freedom of the English press, which enables them to alarm and disgust all civilized society. A French writer lately published in the *Fortnightly Review* an enthusiastic eulogy of the miscreant

who is best known as the inseparable friend and political ally of HÉBERT, more notorious as the Père DUCHESNE. Both ruffians were principal promoters of the worship of the courtesan who represented in the simplest of costumes the Goddess of Reason, and their candid admirer does not fail to defend their indecency as well as their more serious propensity to murder. It was in England also that the Council of the International Society formally justified the massacre of the hostages and the attempted conflagration of the city. It would be difficult to frame any charges against the enemies of society which would be so damaging as their own boastful confessions. The principles of CHAUMETTE, practically revived in the murder of the Archbishop of PARIS and his companions, can only attract the sympathy of those who are already and incurably demoralized.

It is true that the reforms proposed by the International Society are not a little startling. The members have pledged themselves at some of their general meetings to irreconcilable hostility against the middle classes, and to the abolition of property. The English members, though they fully concurred in the general denunciation of all classes except their own, seem practically to have concentrated their attention on the original object of regulating and raising wages. It is too late to inquire whether Trade Unions may be lawfully organized, inasmuch as they exist and exercise great power, and as it would be impossible to prove that men have not a right to determine, in concert or otherwise, the terms on which they will work. Their attempt to form alliances with foreign Unions established for the same purpose was reasonable and legitimate; nor was it necessary to complicate the creed of the Society with abstract questions of the rights of property. The French and German agitators with whom they became acquainted in the course of their negotiations about wages and strikes had long before regarded capitalists with an envious cupidity. By one of those logical processes which are so called because they are independent of experience and practical probability, the Internationalists arrived at the conclusion that marriage must be abolished. It is evident that if men and women live in families they will continue to share the vulgar prejudice of preferring their own children to the theory of Communism and to the rights of man. Every owner of property will contrive, in spite of prohibitory laws, to share his wealth with his children; and thus it would be impossible to correct the odious inequality of fortune. Unchecked variety of intercourse, and consequent uncertainty of paternal relations, would perhaps restore the golden age before wills were invented.

Or one to one was cursedly confined.

The suppression of all forms of religion was probably suggested by independent reasons or motives, and the project seems to have excited little or no interest among the English members of the Society; and it will be long before the English working classes are induced by reasoning, however cogent, to abandon the institution of marriage. The abolition of patriotism and of national distinctions may perhaps have made some progress. Two or three Germans were at different times included in the shifting Governments of the Commune; but it would seem that French workmen in general have not yet attained to cosmopolitan philanthropy. At the commencement of the war in 1870 the first thought of the populace was to expel the thrifty and intelligent Germans who competed successfully with Frenchmen in certain branches of industry. The severity of the conquerors was afterwards partially justified by the hardships which had been inflicted on harmless residents in France; and in this case at least the people were far more to blame than the Imperial Government. The manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania had, in precisely the same spirit, profited by the outbreak of the civil war and the secession of the Southern members of Congress to enact the MORRILL tariff for their own private benefit; but American men of business are not given to professions of disinterested benevolence, nor were they members of an International Society.

The most valuable result of Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE's motion on the International Society was Mr. FAWCETT's argumentative speech. There was little use in advertising the anarchical professions and principles of the revolutionists, whether they are or are not to be regarded as formidable. Mr. BRUCE quoted one of their published statements, to the effect that they numbered only 8,000 members, and that they were in urgent want of money. It is possible that if a revolution occurred in London they might, as in Paris, prove themselves powerful for mischief; but when the brawlers of Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park find themselves strong enough to overthrow the Government and the Constitution,

it will matter little whether they call themselves Internationalists, or Republicans, or members of the Land and Labour League. Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE has been too long in Parliament and in public life to think that any law against abstract opinions could be either passed or executed; but it is at the same time possible that he may have judged more accurately than Mr. FAWCETT in holding that the political character of the Society preponderates over its economic theories. The agitators who control the Society would, even if they admitted the force of Mr. FAWCETT's arguments, gladly confiscate existing property, in the hope that thus something might be gained in the confusion, and in the certainty that they would be revenged on those whom they have taught themselves to look upon as enemies. Mere speculations on the origin of rent and profits are less exciting, if more instructive, than projects of wholesale spoliation. The Basle declaration of war against traders, capitalists, and the middle classes in general expressed a feeling of hatred, as well as an economic or social aspiration. It was not worth the while of the House of Commons to enter a protest against doctrines which it could never be suspected of countenancing. The English ecclesiastics who thought it necessary to repudiate all complicity with the decrees of the Vatican Council were not more unnecessarily scrupulous than Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE and his friends. A vast majority both in Parliament and in the constituencies disapproves of the International Society; but there are no means except the use of force, which in this case is impracticable, to prevent the utterance of pernicious nonsense. There is reason to fear that the members of the International Society and of similar clubs will not be converted by Mr. FAWCETT's lucid demonstration; but it is well that those who adhere to sound doctrines should be taught the best methods of defending their position. Mr. FAWCETT clearly exposed the absurdity of the Socialist scheme of confiscating the land that it may be again let out to occupying holders. If the land were let below its value, the rest of the community would contribute to the support of the agricultural population; and, on the other hand, a full rack-rent paid to the State would be as heavy a burden as at present. The weak point in Mr. FAWCETT's reasoning was the assumption that the expropriated landowners would receive compensation. The Land and Labour League disavow their claim by anticipation, and its organs even doubt whether payment of back rents shall not be exacted. The transfer of a vast mass of property would certainly be profitable either to public or private agents of confiscation; but Mr. FAWCETT clearly showed that after a short interval either rents would be paid or a section of the community would enjoy a monopoly of the land.

FRANCE.

THE Committee of Permanence have not had sufficient self control to allow M. THIERS's visit to Paris to pass without formal notice. They have resolved to bring the subject before the Assembly, and to propose some kind of censure on the PRESIDENT for the double crime of treating Paris as though it were still the capital, and of using the property of the nation in a manner not sanctioned by its representatives. It is evident that the majority of the Assembly are not pleased at M. THIERS's assumption of something like executive independence. They fear that, if the country gets accustomed to see him acting apart from the Legislature, it will forget that the office he fills is the creation of the Assembly, and that his position differs only in name from that of a Minister who can be made or unmade by a Parliamentary vote. Their alarm is perfectly reasonable. The relationship between M. THIERS and the Assembly is too anomalous to be long kept in mind by Frenchmen unfamiliar with politics. He bears a title which implies in other countries, and which has implied at a former period of French history, the possession of very considerable power. The election of a President of the United States is the one event in America which ordinarily excites interest in other countries. When NAPOLEON III. governed France as President, his authority was scarcely less extensive than it was after the *Coup d'état*. These parallels naturally dispose Frenchmen to see in M. THIERS the possessor of attributes such as usually belong to the head of the Executive. After the pains the Assembly have taken to invent a place for him, and to make him feel how subordinate that place is, it would be extremely provoking if careless people should forget to draw the proper distinction between him and other Presidents, or should suppose that he holds his power by any other tenure than the will of the Deputies. The practice of keeping something like a Court at

Paris is not unlikely to produce this effect on unthinking minds. The PRESIDENT is seen living in a palace and maintaining a state which resembles in some degree the usual surroundings of such a position. The Assembly cannot well hold rival receptions, or do any other act which shall convey to the gaping crowd its real superiority over the PRESIDENT. When this sense of weakness comes on the heels of the growing conviction that M. THIERS is consolidating an influence which will ultimately overshadow their own, it naturally makes the Deputies anxious to do something to reassert their authority. They cannot be congratulated on the particular means they have chosen to attain their end. The unwillingness of the Deputies to return to Paris is not an heroic sentiment, but there has not hitherto been any ground for pronouncing it a spiteful one. If the Assembly ratifies the vote of the Committee of Permanence, it will be no longer possible to acquit the majority of a desire to inflict degradation on Paris as well as to secure safety for themselves. There may conceivably be reasons why the Assembly should not expose itself to be coerced by mob violence; there can be none why it should resent the choice of Paris as the scene of a State ceremony. The determination to decapitalize the city has never been so clearly put forward, and if the Assembly supports its Committee, the breach between it and the Parisians can hardly fail to become more serious, because more avowedly permanent, than ever. Under these circumstances M. THIERS will have to deal with a new complication. The majority are more sensitive upon this subject than upon any other, and their often threatened and often deferred quarrel with the PRESIDENT might become inevitable if M. THIERS were to resent their criticism of his visit to Paris by insisting on reopening the question of the Assembly's place of session. On the other hand, if he accepts their admonition and undertakes not to offend in like manner again, he runs the risk of making the Government as unpopular in Paris as the Assembly itself. The Parisians are naturally ill-disposed towards him, inasmuch as such of them as are not Republicans are for the most part Imperialists, and such of them as are Republicans are for the most part Communists. The action of the Assembly makes it the interest of Paris that the present Government should be overthrown, and when the majority of a population agree in wishing to overturn the existing state of things, the fact that they are not agreed as to the state of things which is to replace it is less important.

In the meantime the cause of the Republic, as the Republic is understood by M. THIERS, seems to make steady progress in the country. Addresses of sympathy have been sent to the PRESIDENT by many of the Councils-General, and the general attitude of these bodies—the most accurate representatives of French opinion at present to be had—is, with scarcely an exception, favourable to the existing Government. It has been said that this proves nothing as regards the desire of the country for Republican institutions, that it only proves how universal is the desire for the continuance of peace and order. The truth of this statement is unquestionable. The number of ardent Republicans in the French country districts is probably very small. What the people really desire is a time of tranquillity in which to make good their losses, and some security that the fruits of their labours shall not again be put in peril by domestic strife. They support the Republic as administered by M. THIERS, not because it is a Republic, but because it is a Government. But in recognizing this truth it is important not to lose sight of two facts which invest it with special significance. The first is that this is the first time the Party of Order has frankly accepted a Republic. It has been Legitimist, Orleanist, Imperialist, but never Republican. This may be taken either as a justification of M. THIERS's sagacity or as a tribute to it—as showing either that he was right in thinking that a Republic would divide Frenchmen least, or that the majority of the Councils-General believe that he was right. It does not much matter which of these is really the case. The essential point is that, whether the country has led M. THIERS to a conclusion, or M. THIERS has led the country to a conclusion, the conclusion has been arrived at. The party which has hitherto been the constant, if unavowed, enemy of Republican government has accepted it as the best calculated to give France what it wants. The other fact to be noticed is that, while the substance of the Government attracts one large class of Frenchmen, the name attracts another class. A Monarchy might have given the same assurance of order and stability, and most of the Councils-General which now proclaim their adherence to the PRESIDENT would probably have been equally, if not more, forward in proclaiming it to a king. But the difference would have been that in the latter case there would have been a large and sullen minority holding itself entirely

aloof from all recognition of the new sovereign. Instead of M. GAMBETTA proclaiming his confidence in M. THIERS, he would have been trying how near he could go to treason without incurring the punishment of a traitor. The peculiarity of French politics at present is that there is one section of the nation which will accept any Government provided that it gives them certain material advantages, and another section which will accept no Government but one, no matter what material advantages any other may offer. A Republic which secures the support of Republicans for the sake of its form, and the support of the Party of Order for the sake of its substance, must be a better thing for France than a Monarchy which can only secure the support of one party instead of both. Whether the majority of the Assembly will ever bring themselves to admit this is doubtful. They have desires and plans of a very different kind to get rid of, and the sacrifice involved in putting them aside may prove too much for them. But their power of giving effect to their views is growing smaller every day, and their undisguised unwillingness to stand the test of a general election shows that they have no confidence—it may almost be said no hope—that they will again have the opportunity of governing France. Whenever M. THIERS insists upon having a Legislature which represents the country, instead of one which has never represented it on more than a single point, the existing Assembly will probably break up with at most a murmur of remonstrance.

SIR MASSEY LOPES'S RESOLUTION.

IN the debate on Sir MASSEY LOPES's Resolution Mr. GOSCHEN stated that, if there is one subject more than another with which the Government is anxious to deal, it is the subject of local taxation. It is true that last year Mr. GOSCHEN advanced to the attack with a degree of confidence which was only equalled by the sudden precipitancy of his retreat; for he had no sooner introduced his Bill than, warned by the rising murmurs which filled the country, he hastened to withdraw it. Since then, however, there have been no symptoms which indicated to the outer world a keen anxiety on the part of the Ministry to return to the question, and it might have been supposed that, with the proverbial caution of burnt children, they had resolved to keep as far as possible from the dangerous bars at which they had already scorched their fingers. It may be doubted whether Mr. GOSCHEN's assurance that his rash and mischievous measure is still held in reserve was calculated to conciliate the body to whom it was addressed. It is probable that the overwhelming defeat of the Government on Tuesday night may be attributed partly to the increasing pressure of local taxation, but more perhaps to the vague distrust excited by the Bill of last year, and the consequent desire to force on a measure of relief lest the menaces of disturbance and confiscation should at any time be renewed. Last year Sir M. LOPES's Resolution was turned aside by Mr. GOSCHEN's vague promise to introduce a new era of local taxation, the nature of which he could not then explain; and it is not surprising that the manner in which this pledge was subsequently redeemed should have had the effect of helping Sir MASSEY to a majority on the present occasion. It is calculated that the local taxation of the kingdom is about forty millions annually, or only a million less than the sum raised for Imperial purposes, after deducting the interest on the national debt; and this amount, large as it is, is still increasing. It appears that in four years three-quarters of a million has been added to the cost of the Poor Law system; Local Boards have multiplied, fever hospitals have been erected, and the education rate has come into operation. According to the latest official figures, the local rates in England and Wales, leaving the rest of the kingdom out of account, came, to 30,000,000*l.* in 1870; and this amount was raised from a total rateable value of 105,000,000*l.* The rates are, therefore, charged on property producing an income equal to less than a third of the income assessed to Income Tax, and to just about a seventh of the total estimated income of the country. It would not be easy to answer the argument of Sir M. LOPES and his supporters, that it is theoretically unjust that the area of local taxation should thus be narrowed, although it may be observed that practically the lapse of time has tended to correct the injustice, inasmuch as the rates have always been taken into account in the purchase of landed property. If it were for the first time a question how local taxation should be adjusted, it would be natural to propose that personal and real property should equally be taxed; but when a fixed arrangement has been in operation for a long period, the surrounding circumstances naturally get adapted to it, and in various indirect ways the incidence of the tax is rendered less

oppressive. While land and houses, being subject to rates, have been purchased at a lower price than would otherwise have been demanded, personal property, such as stocks, has had to be paid for at a higher price, in consequence of its exemption from local burdens. It is impossible to avoid fiscal changes from time to time, but it is necessary to remember that they cannot be effected without altering the relative value of different kinds of property, and that every change in the incidence of taxation is in itself an evil.

There are two modes in which the grievance complained of by Sir M. LOPES may be met. Of course the first and most obvious method is to extend the area of local taxation so as to include personal as well as real property; but this is open to the grave, if not insuperable, objection that it would afford relief to the present body of ratepayers, who acquired their property subject to rates, at the expense of other classes who have invested in property which they had no reason to suppose would be brought within the range of local imposts. The other method is to reduce the total amount raised by rates, while leaving the area of taxation as at present; and it was to this object that Sir M. LOPES's latest Resolution was directed. He has examined the different purposes to which local rates are applied, and he has come to the conclusion that some of these purposes are national, and not local, and that they ought therefore to be defrayed out of the national revenue. He accordingly submitted a Resolution insisting upon the injustice of imposing taxation for national objects only on one description of property, and declaring that occupiers and owners ought to be relieved, in whole or in part, from the charges imposed on ratepayers for the administration of justice, police, and lunatics, the expenditure for such purposes being almost entirely independent of local control. He proposed that these charges, amounting to 2,037,000*l.* for the whole kingdom, should be transferred to the Consolidated Fund. The management of prisons and of the police was practically, Sir M. LOPES argued, in the hands of the Government, which could always compel the local authorities to give way to the Inspectors by threatening to withhold its contributions. Moreover, houses and land, he remarked, would not run away, and could not be carried off; and as the owners of this kind of property stood less in need of the protection of the police than the owners of personalty, it was the latter who ought principally to bear the cost of keeping up the constabulary. As to lunacy, it was, he said, a national calamity which ought to be a national charge. In Sir MASSEY's opinion, the possession of land and houses has rather a healthy and calming effect, and lunacy is mainly promoted by speculations in personalty.

The logical force both of Sir M. LOPES's Resolution and of the amendment which Sir T. ACLAND moved in opposition to it was impaired by a curious obliquity of argument in each case. The question immediately before the House of Commons was whether local rates could fairly be applied to national objects, but Sir M. LOPES mixed it up with the injustice of levying rates exclusively on one description of property, which is another branch of the subject, while Sir T. ACLAND introduced a third question as to the distribution of the rates between owners and occupiers. As to the first of these questions, there can be no doubt that while, on the one hand, it would be a dangerous temptation to extravagance to entrust the expenditure of Imperial funds to local bodies, on the other hand local taxes should be raised only for purposes which are directly under the control of local authorities. It is less easy, however, to determine what ought and what ought not to be considered national as distinguished from local purposes. There might perhaps be an advantage in making the care and maintenance of lunatics a national duty, and it is possible that the management of the prisons might be usefully concentrated in the hands of the Government. The centralization of the constabulary as a national force, like the army or the navy, under the direct and exclusive control of the Government, is a far more serious and difficult question. The objections which might be urged to this proposal, both on political and economical grounds, are of the gravest character, and are not easily disposed of. With regard to the exclusive incidence of local rates on a particular kind of property, it may be plausibly urged that personal property ought not to be exempted; but a district Income-tax would be a hazardous experiment, and if a change is to be made, some other expedient will probably have to be devised. The argument against disturbing existing arrangements applies in the strongest degree to Mr. GOSCHEN's wanton and iniquitous proposal, which was embodied in Sir T. ACLAND's amendment, to divide the rates between owners and occupiers. The result would be either to leave the matter practically as it is, or to inflict unmerited

confiscation on small landowners who are apt to be at the mercy of their tenants. Although Sir M. LOPES has achieved a victory over the Government, it may be doubted whether it is one from which the class which he represents will derive any substantial advantage. There was undoubted force in Mr. STANSFELD's warning that a proposal of this kind cannot be disposed of by itself without raising the whole question of the incidence of taxation, and also the "consideration of the rights and duties of property, and the conditions under which property should be "enjoyed." It must not be forgotten that, whatever may be the justice of Sir M. LOPES's appeal, it is addressed to an assembly the majority of which represents interests that are opposed to the interests of landowners; and that the consideration of the rights and duties of property, when the time comes for it, may possibly be found to refer less to rights than to imaginary duties. The proposal which Mr. LOWE made last year to surrender the Inhabited House Duty as a contribution from Imperial resources to local wants may in one sense be regarded as an acknowledgment of the claims which are embodied in Sir M. LOPES's Resolution; but it may be remarked that this tax practically falls upon the landlords, and ought, if relief is intended to be given to this class, to be simply repealed. The whole subject requires more careful consideration than it appears to have yet received, but it may at least be hoped that we have heard the last of Mr. GOSCHEN's project of futile change and wanton confiscation.

THE LIQUOR TRADE.

THE Licensing Bill which Lord KIMBERLEY has brought into the House of Lords is a concession by the Government at once to political emergency and to the dictates of common sense. But if any single person was influenced by the apology for himself and his colleagues which Mr. BRUCE offered during the Long Vacation, that person must now be convinced that the Government deserved for their conduct in this matter all, and more than all, that has been said against them. The Bill of last year has lost them several seats in the House of Commons, and has irretrievably ruined their character as prudent statesmen. The proverb *noscitur a sociis* is eminently true of politicians who condescend to flirt with the Alliance. Mr. BRUCE disgusted all moderate men last year, and now he will infuriate the enthusiasts. The speech of Lord KIMBERLEY will affect the Permissive agitators as a red rag does a bull. "The Bill," he says, "may be considered moderate in its character." It proposes to leave the granting of licences to magistrates under the supervision of the Secretary of State; and "the valuable principle of popular control" which has been advocated in so many speeches and pamphlets is excluded from this Bill, although Mr. BRUCE made a pretence of introducing it into last year's Bill. It might indeed be argued that Mr. BRUCE, as Secretary of State, will control the magistrates, and that the people, or rather the clamorous faction which usurps that name, will control Mr. BRUCE. But if the new system is to work well, it must be entrusted to a permanent officer of the Home Department, who may be capable of establishing uniformity of practice upon sound principles.

So long as magistrates retain the power of granting and renewing licences, a lucrative branch of business will be preserved for barristers. Indeed it appears that this Bill, like the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill of Lord SHAFTESBURY, will help to compensate the Bar for losses which the County Courts and the Court of Bankruptcy have inflicted on it. The Bill makes to the Alliance almost the only concession which we could approve by granting to it unlimited facility for briefing barristers to oppose licences before magistrates. The movement for raising a fund of 100,000*l.*, which we had looked upon with some disfavour, becomes from this point of view commendable. Mr. POPE, Q.C., who is a leader of the Alliance, will deserve the gratitude of his professional brethren for helping to put money in their pockets. It is true that appeals to Quarter Sessions against the granting or renewal of licences will not be allowed unless security be given for costs, and frivolous appeals will be visited with a pecuniary penalty. But the Alliance will not mind that. There is plenty more money where the 100,000*l.* comes from, and there is a perennial growth of fanatics ready to subscribe it. On the other hand, an oppressed publican may easily obtain through the sympathetic columns of the *Morning Advertiser* assistance in fighting the common battle of his class. There will be a never-failing supply of the prettiest quarrels that can be conceived, but instead of the hustings agitation and mob violence which the Permissive Bill would introduce, there will be long-winded oratory and decorous wrangling of

"learned friends." Considered as a work of art, a speech of counsel before licensing magistrates is perhaps liable to criticism, but as a means of enabling the Alliance to expend superfluous money and energy it must receive unqualified approbation. It is a consoling thought that, among the many tracts which have been issued by that industrious body, there is not one that may not be put into a brief which counsel may be induced by a competent fee to read. We venture to make to Government the surprising and gratifying announcement that the Home Office has achieved a Parliamentary success. This part of their Bill must please everybody, and more particularly the lawyers. The provisions for police inspection and for checking adulteration can only be judged in detail when we have the Bill before us, but every reasonable person must regret that this humble and useful work should have been already delayed a year because the Government weakly yielded to a set of noisy agitators who desired to force what they are pleased to call great principles upon an unwilling nation. We believe, however, that the provision for closing all public-houses until 7 A.M. would demand so many exceptions as practically to repeal the rule. The heavy work of the great markets of the metropolis is either in full activity or nearly finished by 7 A.M. And in other branches of industry a man may do three hours' work in summer, and may sadly want a glass of beer before that time. The economical habit of beginning work at sunrise, which is so invariably practised among the thrifty Germans, ought not to be discouraged among ourselves by legislation, nor ought Parliament to pass a Bill which would in effect enact that a working-man shall take tea or coffee and not beer for his breakfast. A celebrated tavern in Covent Garden did formerly "finish" actors, lawyers, and members of Parliament at the same time as it enabled market-gardeners and greengrocers to begin the day. Even now an exhausted devotee of dancing may obtain a glass of beer as well as a view of London by sunrise on his return from a protracted ball. But under the proposed regulation he would have to complain, like the fast undergraduate who was required to attend morning chapel, that the hour was inconveniently late. So long as the liquors which this Bill calls intoxicating are recognized as an ordinary refreshment of human labour, they must be supplied during the hours in which that labour is carried on. The proposal to fix the hour of opening public-houses at 7 A.M., like many other proposals which are made in Parliament, proceeds from men who habitually rise at 8 A.M., or later, and find their tea, toast, and a newspaper ready for them when they come downstairs. It is manifest that a rule closing the public-houses at 11 or 12 P.M. must also be modified by considerable exceptions. But we admit that the later they remain open at night the greater is the temptation to waste time and money in them, whereas in the morning they are not likely to be visited, except very rarely, by any person who is not going about his daily business. We should doubt whether the most careful research of the Alliance could discover a case of a man who left his bed in order to get drunk. But although we think that a working-man ought to be allowed to have a glass of beer if he desires it before 7 A.M., we should desire to offer him the opportunity, which now he seldom finds, of taking a cup of tea or coffee if he prefers it.

This Bill has been introduced by the Government in the House of Lords because time cannot be found to proceed with it in the House of Commons. But the time which belongs to private members of the Lower House may of course be devoted to this as well as any other subject, and it is at any rate an agreeable novelty to find the publican taking the place of the clergyman who is usually put up to make sport for legislators on Wednesdays. It is obvious, however, that there has been enough talk upon this question, and any practical work that is done now must be done over again when the Bill of the Government comes down from the House of Lords. We do not therefore feel any great interest in examining the clauses of the Bill which Sir H. SELWIN-IBBETSON has brought in, but we observe with pleasure that he, like Mr. BRUCE, has remembered that one chief object of modern legislation is to provide work for lawyers. The celebrated problem of defining a "bonâ fide traveller," under an existing Act of Parliament, would probably present no difficulty to the draughtsman who has defined a "wayfarer" in this Bill. But supposing the Bill to pass we should advise Londoners who take a suburban walk on Sunday to remember that a "wayfarer" means, according to the Bill, "a person who being in a neighbourhood other than that in which he resides stands in need of 'rest or refreshment,' and the penalty for falsely pretending to be a 'wayfarer' is 5*l*. Public-houses would be closed under this Bill from 2.30 P.M. to 8 P.M. on Sunday; but an inn or eating-

house might supply drink during these hours to a "wayfarer." If, therefore, a man starts from Fleet Street at 2 P.M., walks to Kensington in an hour, and desires beer, he can only obtain it as a "wayfarer" at an inn or eating-house; but is he a "wayfarer" at Kensington at 3 P.M.? This question divides itself into several. Is he in a neighbourhood other than that in which he resides? Does he stand in need of rest or refreshment? He can scarcely be said to stand in need of rest when he sits down, as he would probably do, on entering an inn or eating-house; but if he has ceased to be a "wayfarer," liquor cannot lawfully be sold to him. As regards residence, a man who lives in Kensington might be said to reside in the neighbourhood of London. And again, a man who started to walk from Fleet Street might desire refreshment before he reached Kensington, but whether he would "stand in need" of it had better be left to the Judges to decide when the question comes before them. They at any rate would be paid for considering it, which we are not. In order to enhance the absurdity of the introduction of the "wayfarer" into this Bill, it was suggested in the debate that the keeper of an inn or eating-house ought to be required to provide beds for wayfarers. The speaker was doubtless unaware of the interpretation popularly, but perhaps erroneously, affixed to the inscription "beds" which is often seen in the windows of coffee-houses in London. It is lamentable, in connexion with such a serious subject, to find oneself descending into the region of farce. But we greatly wonder that the author of this Bill did not propose to enact that every wayfarer should consume a captain's biscuit and a piece of cheese with his pint of beer, under penalty of 5*l*. The proceedings under this clause of the Bill would be summary, and therefore it is unnecessary to consider how an indictment could be framed for falsely and fraudulently pretending to be in a neighbourhood other than that in which the defendant resided, and to be in want of rest and refreshment, or by what evidence such an indictment might be supported. We think that the Crown would need the help of at least six lawyers to obtain a conviction in such a case.

A new and improved edition of the "intelligent foreigner" has been produced by Mr. TREVELYAN, who mentioned in his speech that a writer in the *Débats* regarded Mr. BRUCE's Bill of last year "with admiration which stopped only short of 'envy.'" If such praise be accorded to a timid and vacillating follower of Sir WILFRID LAWSON, what honour can civilized mankind find adequate to bestow on the consistent and courageous champion of the principle which Mr. BRUCE's feeble hand has treated like a hot potato? An American admirer declares that no marble can be white enough for the inscription of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's name, and if the speaker contemplated the erection of a monument amid the smoke of London we entirely agree with him. We should think that the name and the work of the leader of the Alliance would be obliterated about the same time. It appears that the Alliance is particularly angry because liquor-dealers are allowed to display decanters of alluring pattern in their windows. But we never heard of any person being induced by a druggist's brilliantly-coloured bottles to swallow an unnecessary dose of physic. Among many valuable qualities possessed by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, we chiefly admire his incapacity to see more than one side of any question. The principle of entirely closing public-houses has been applied in Scotland on Sundays, and yet, he says, drunkenness is very great there still. We should have thought that this statement was almost conclusive against prohibition.

CANDOUR.

THERE are, in spite of all proper platitudes to the contrary, a good many virtues which are more offensive than vices. We can forgive a man for being an habitual drunkard, or even for habitual lying, but it is terribly difficult to forgive him for systematic punctuality and early rising. The whole group of virtues of which those practices are generally symptomatic is of an offensive caste. Probably their possessors are so well aware that their habits are generally considered insulting to their neighbours, that they wrap themselves in more than the ordinary pomp of self-righteousness. They are obliged to wear a good thick armour to protect themselves from the odium due to their unsocial excellences. The taste for such observances grows by indulgence. As the first glass of brandy is frequently the ruin of the unfortunate man in whom a turn for dipsomania is latent, so the delight of rising one morning and glorying in imagination over millions of one's recumbent fellow-creatures is so keen that the downward step is rapidly followed by others. The man who would be agreeable to mankind should guard against the first lapse into virtue. As a rule, the

taste is acquired at an early period of life, before the full consequences of unswerving morality are appreciated. It is prevalent amongst those excellent and oppressive young men who at a later period rejoice in the possession of a high moral sense. A little knot of sympathetic youths gathers at a university; they divide the various talents and virtues among themselves with the confidence of youthful Alexanders partitioning the world among their followers; and if the priggish element happens to be powerful, they affect what used to be called earnestness—a term which, as we believe, is now becoming utterly obsolete. It means a profound conviction that the earnest person regulates all his actions according to a lofty moral code; or, which is supposed to come to much the same thing, that a lofty moral code is sure to justify whatever he does. The duller members of the body have to content themselves with aggravated forms of punctuality, pecuniosity, and other small virtues; the cleverer probably succeed in imposing upon the world at large, which is always willing to join in a chorus of vigorous laudation, and develop into conscientious Ministers, Bishops, and Chancellors. They are so elaborately scrupulous that whatever they do has a peculiar grace, and those actions which would be considered as jobs or time-serving in the worldly have a fine moral flavour in their mouths, which gives to any evil a distinct air of profanity. The world is said to be censorious, and to be too ready to suspect good men of having a touch of the Pecksniff in their compositions. We are more often surprised, we must confess, at the readiness with which a man's own valuation of his merits is generally accepted; but it is true that a certain smouldering disposition to revolt is frequently generated by these irrepressibly virtuous persons.

There is one virtue which is frequently affected by men of this kind. They are given to insisting, with ostentatious humility, upon their admirable candour. The objections to this quality in private life are pretty generally understood. It means a disposition to tell a friend of his faults, not because you want to annoy him, which is pardonable, but because you are anxious to do him good, which, as need hardly be said, is intolerable. The character is a tempting one for purposes of fiction, and has been pretty well worked out by novelists and playwrights. They indeed generally fall into the error of representing the practice as a piece of conscious hypocrisy. Sneer tells Sir Fretful Plagiary of the criticisms which have been directed against him with the comparatively innocent motive of deriving amusement from the irritability of his acquaintance. The more frequent character in real life is the man who really thinks that his unpleasant information will improve his victim. He has been so much accustomed to think of himself as a kind of voluntary missionary to the misguided mass of his fellow-creatures, that he falls into the natural error of believing good advice to be sometimes useful. He has convinced himself, or rather he has unawares adopted the pleasing delusion, that to tell a man to walk due south is not the most probable means of starting him towards the North Pole. It requires unusual force of sympathetic imagination to understand the strange transmutations to which any sentiment will be subjected when it is transferred from your own mind to that of another person; and sympathetic imagination is precisely the quality in which a gentleman excusably absorbed in the contemplation of his own virtues is apt to be deficient. There is another form of the virtue, however, which is defended upon more refined principles, and which is perhaps not without its merits when it is genuine—that, namely, which is called intellectual candour. The genuine quality is as useful as it is rare. Nobody can read much of the controversial literature of the day without perceiving that, as a general rule, each side confines itself to the study of its own literature. We should not see a confident opinion about matters in which the ablest men are at variance commended as a virtue in those who are totally unable to appreciate the first conditions of the problems at issue, were it not that each party generally forms a little world of its own, and is as incapable of appreciating the state of mind of its opponents as of entering into the prejudices of the inhabitants of the moon. Mr. Mill somewhere strongly recommends the practice of steadily reading the works of our antagonists; and he has himself given some excellent examples of the advantage of the practice. It has perhaps one recommendation which its advocate did not directly contemplate. A Radical, for example, who only reads Radical literature is apt to become doubtful of his own convictions when he observes how many of the stupidest and most ignorant of mankind entertain them as firmly as himself. It is necessary, in order to restore his self-complacency, that he should plunge for a time into the hostile literature; he will be repaid for the first shock of natural antipathy by the discovery that folly and stupidity are not confined to any side of any question. The frame of mind which is generated by many-sided studies is certainly a desirable one, and it is frequently described by the name of candour. But there is a kind of bastard imitation of the same virtue which is far more common and by no means so estimable. A whole stock of commonplaces has been accumulated by the dealers in this commodity about theological and political questions. They are fond of talking about the falsehood of extremes, and have a summary mode of settling all controversies by striking a balance between the most remote opinions. There is something to be said for the ultra-democrat, and something for the bigoted reactionist. Go half way between the two, and you cannot fail of being in the right. In æsthetic and philosophical questions the same kind of opinion calls itself eclectic; and it is infinitely comfortable to people who dislike the responsibility of striking out an original line for themselves. The

doctrine commends itself very strongly to the earnest-minded person generally; he is anxious to recognize everything which is put forward with due solemnity; and by placing himself at a central point between the various extremes, he can gain at a cheap rate a reputation for large-mindedness and width of sympathy. Moreover he can thus reconcile deep convictions with facility for gradually shifting into any system of opinion that may be convenient. A generous recognition of the good that may be found on all sides is a fine decorous virtue, almost indispensable to the preservation of a high moral tone. When you consider a theory to be altogether wrong you are apt to laugh at it, and the truly earnest man should never laugh.

Now it is as plain that this theory has something in it as it is plain that it is far from being an accurate statement of the truth. If we endeavour to apply the principle of striking an average between extremes to any case in which there is a general agreement of opinion, we at once come upon the most palpable absurdities. One set of philosophers held that the sun went round the earth, and another that the earth went round the sun; and the only mode of reconciling the two opinions is to be found in the answer of that distinguished candidate at a competitive examination who said that it was sometimes one and sometimes the other body which revolved. Or, to leave questions in which the method is obviously inapplicable, we might take some of the political compromises that have been held at different times. For example, there were the theories about toleration. The extremists were absurd enough to say that every creed ought to be tolerated. Locke, though a very enlightened man for his age, felt that this was going a little too far, and, in order to maintain a character for common sense, decided, that a line must be drawn somewhere, and drew it at Atheists and Papists. Others adopted a theory conceived in the spirit of that ingenious Cornish jurymen who, when a man was accused on doubtful evidence of poisoning an old woman, remarked that he would "gie un a month in the debtors' ward." They thought that burning a Dissenter was wrong, but did not object to a reasonable amount of imprisonment. The case indeed was one in which the extremists on one side or the other were obviously right. We must either grant absolute freedom, which is the conclusion generally adopted, or persecute so vigorously as to suppress the heresy. Any number of other cases might easily be suggested in which the choice really lies between one of two diametrically opposed principles; and any kind of compromise, even if advisable in practice for a time, is obviously untenable in theory. Indeed it may be doubted whether this does not more frequently hold true than the opposite. The truth of which the doctrine of the advantage of middle courses seems to be an imperfect expression is in its genuine form of a different nature. It is quite true, and it is highly important to remember, that when any large number of people hold a given opinion, there must be some general cause for it; but it does not at all follow that the cause is that the opinion contains any large element, or even any element whatever, of soundness. Mankind is foolish, and has frequently maintained a passionate belief in degrading superstitions of various kinds for many centuries together. Any such superstition must have had some reason for permanence; that is to say, it must have gratified some moral or intellectual instincts. A satisfactory explanation of the facts to which it refers must explain what was the nature of its influence; but it does not follow that the influence depended even in the very smallest degree upon the truth of the opinions held. It is an easy misapplication of this obvious truth to assume that any two hostile opinions are always complementary, and that a complete theory may be reached by combining them. The method is attractive in proportion to its easiness; but unluckily it will not work. Genuine candour would force us to admit that no theory is sound which does not explain how it came to be generally misunderstood. When we know the real arrangement of the solar system we can easily account for the delusions which retarded its recognition, and it is perfectly easy to understand why toleration has made such slow progress in the world; but it would be the height of absurdity to attempt a discovery of the truth by combining the opposite doctrines. And thus it is well to remember that candour may sometimes compel us to say, not that everybody is more or less right, but that a large part of mankind is hopelessly stupid and ignorant, and has accepted many doctrines because a gross blunder is often much easier than a true solution of a difficulty.

M. RÉGNIER AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

THE retirement of that excellent actor, M. Régnier, leaves a void in the dramatic art of his country and of the century. His farewell benefit last week at the Comédie Française was one of those interesting solemnities in which our neighbours excel. Surrounded by his comrades, old and young, by his brethren of the company of the House of Molière, of whom some had been associated with the labours and the triumphs of his earlier years, and some owed their own triumphs to his instructions, he received at the hands of one of the most accomplished and delightful actresses of that illustrious Society the laurel crown of many bloodless victories and of a brilliant career, as the customary and classical expression of public and private esteem for the admirable comedian and the perfect gentleman, whose stainless life had dignified the profession which his talent had adorned. At the comparatively early age of sixty-two, and still in all the fullness of physical

and mental vigour and activity, M. Régnier had for some time past contemplated retreat, not perhaps without a secret reluctance to quit that ideal world in which so many of the best moments of his best years had passed away, but with an increasing impatience of its incessant labours and absorbing preoccupations, and an anxious yearning for the well-earned leisure and freedom and the calm that should accompany declining years. The longevity of actors, and especially of good actors, is proverbial, in spite of late hours, of an unwholesome atmosphere, of constant nervous excitement and fatigue, of the wear and tear of a continual strain upon the memory and imagination and all the faculties of expression and emotion. Probably the professional capability of endurance is due in most instances to a certain indispensable regularity of habit and carefulness in living; and we know that, in itself, hard work, and even the most stimulating and exacting brain work, is by no means incompatible with length of years. Besides, much of the actor's work becomes routine, and if he knows the secret of his craft, he does not suffer the emotion he creates. However this may be, M. Régnier certainly had not the look or the build of a powerful physique; yet few men, in the practice of the most laborious of professions, have gone through so severe a course of unremitting study and exertion as this consummate artist during his forty years of service on the stage. Doubtless his rare intelligence, and a serious passion for his art, have made his labours comparatively light to him; and the critical sympathy of the most discerning audience in the world has perpetually animated and inspired the conscientiousness and sincerity of his efforts. Add to these gifts and graces of an artist ever zealous for perfection the dignity and peace of a happy personal and domestic life, of a perfect fidelity to family affections and to the duties of home, and we have no difficulty in understanding how or why M. Régnier retires at sixty-two, in the fullness of his fame and powers, on the modest and honourable pension of a veteran Sociétaire, attended by the affectionate respect and regret of the whole dramatic profession, whether actors or authors, and by the sympathies of a grateful public. National troubles and disasters delayed the fulfilment of a purpose already formed before the war. But although he has taken leave of the Parisian public and of the Comédie Française, we are not without hope that M. Régnier may play at least a farewell engagement on this side of the Channel. Many old and valued friendships, and a long familiarity with our language and literature, have made England almost his second country, and whether among his professional brethren or in general society he is scarcely less at home in London than in Paris. We have not heard whether he has resigned his Professorship at the Conservatoire, but we trust that neither his love of home and of his library, nor his long-cherished desire to spend a long holiday in Italy—the holiday of one singularly well qualified by taste, study, and feeling to appreciate all the beauties of natural scenery, and to enjoy the feast of antiquity and art—will deprive us of the opportunity of echoing at least his fellow-countrymen's farewell.

When we speak of the unquestioned dramatic pre-eminence of France, we are apt to forget that it only dates from the Restoration, if it did not culminate under the Monarchy of July. From the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria the English theatre might always have disputed the palm. Louis Quatorze, as the painters so often remind us, entertained Molière at his private table, and handed him a dish; yet until the Revolution it was difficult for a comedian to obtain Christian burial; and while Garrick was the friend and companion of the great, the learned, and the good, and Voltaire was denouncing the barbarity of Shakspeare, the successors of Molière were social pariahs in France. It was the liberal intellectual movement of the Restoration that gave to the French theatre a superiority which it has ever since maintained. The decadence of dramatic art in England has made that superiority of late more manifest and emphatic, but there can be little doubt that, potentially at least, the French have always possessed in an eminent degree the temperament and genius of dramatic impersonation. Under the old Monarchy one classical theatre had been raised to the dignity of an institution with collegiate privileges; under the Revolution and the Empire the art itself was recognized as a part of the national system of public instruction. A dazzling array of dramatic authors furnished the stage with an entirely new order of tragic and romantic drama, and with a new sentimental comedy of manners and society. The higher liberal education of the *bourgeoisie* provided the authors; the Conservatoire supplied a school of actors; and under these combined influences some fitful flashes of genius that defied instruction from time to time illuminated the scene. Régnier had a glimpse of the life behind the curtain in his childhood, but it was in the earliest years of the Monarchy of July that he entered definitively and decidedly on the serious study of the art and the regular discipline of a professional engagement. Madlle. Mars was still the reigning, though the setting, star at the Comédie Française, and Régnier had the advantage of studying under her subtle and sensitive, and not unindulgent, observation, and accepting the inestimable counsels of her exquisite experience. From the first day of his apprenticeship to the day of his last appearance he brought to the cultivation of his art and to the performance of his duties at the theatre all those qualifications which are the true secret of distinction and success in every other profession and pursuit; such as indefatigable diligence, constant attention, perfect trustworthiness, businesslike punctuality, the closest application, the highest sense of honour, and a perfect courtesy and sincerity in all his dealings with his brethren and colleagues. In a word, he respected his art, and his art repaid him

with interest. He had not those advantages of face and figure which some modern actors in the country of Shakspeare appear to consider more than sufficient qualifications for success in the most difficult of arts. But he had education, reading, instruction, conscientiousness, and self-respect, a keen observation of life and character, a sensitive instinct, a vivid versatility, and a masterly sense of the relative value of broad outline and nicety of detail in dramatic characterization. To this combination of gifts and acquirements may be attributed the force and finish of his performances and the confidence of the dramatists in his devotedness and discretion. Some English actors, who are apt to believe that it is as easy to be a comedian as a counterjumper, or a music-hall "droll," and that neither study nor instruction is required if nature has given them the charms of person and the easy assurance which we all admire in a cheap tailor's sheet of fashionable costumes, would do well to learn from the example of Régnier the lesson of respect, not only for what they call their "art," but for their audience. With Régnier his art was not a charade in which the actors and the audience were befooling each other; it was as serious a presentation of ideal or actual life as any work of the painter or the sculptor, as serious in its aims and purposes as any other intellectual communication which addresses itself to the reason or the feelings of mankind.

Is the degeneration of dramatic art in England to be charged to the default of authors or of actors? We will not undertake to answer the question; but this at least is certain—no dramatic author with a spark of self-respect would deliberately write down to the ignorance and the vulgarity of actors who degrade the profession by their impudence, and insult the public by their familiarity. No doubt the decline of the English stage is attributable in some degree to general causes which belong to the age in which we live and to the condition of society; such as the want of a recognized school and standard of the art, the want of a critical public, the nightly irruption of a multitude of itinerant playgoers who demand the coarsest stimulants for jaded nerves and brains, and the patronage of a stupid and sensual plutocracy. But that there are audiences willing and able to appreciate good acting, some exceptions even in London seem to prove. Nor will there be wanting a dramatic literature wherever dramatic art is to be found. Actors and actresses who never think it worth their while to learn to listen as well as to speak intelligently and effectively, to be always *en scène*, to attend as carefully to byplay as to dialogue, and to grasp a character as a whole with some faint attempt at thoroughness of intention and subtlety of insight, will never have a dramatic literature at their service. Now it was precisely in this thoroughness of conception and execution that the surpassing merit of Régnier consisted. Scribe, Jules Sandeau, Émile Augier, Legouvé, Madame de Girardin, and Octave Feuillet, regarded him not only as their interpreter but as their fellow-worker, and never failed to seek his advice and co-operation in preparing their pieces for the stage. The modesty of the actor shrank from assuming the rights and responsibilities of the author; but his contribution to the author's success had always begun before the rehearsals. The range of his repertory was astonishingly wide and various. It was never bounded by the ridiculous categories and classifications which Mr. Dickens ridiculed so exactly in the episode of Mr. Crummles's company. From the Sganarelle and Scapin and Pancrace of Molière to the Figaro of Beaumarchais, from Petit Jean in M. Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton* to the parvenu attorney and proprietor, or the old Marquis in M. Sandeau's *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*; from Michonnet, the veteran régisseur of the Comédie Française, in MM. Scribe and Legouvé's *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, to Noël, the faithful old servant, in Madame de Girardin's *La Joie fait Peur*; from the dignified father in M. Émile Augier's *Gabrielle* to the disreputable brother in his *Aventurière*; he touched at will, and with equal power, the whole gamut of human passion, sentiment, and humour. He did not make a speciality of "character parts," but every part he acted became as distinct a character in the recollection of his audiences as any living person in real life. The evanescence of an actor's reputation, the sudden silence of oblivion that falls upon his name from the moment when he makes his last bow to the public, has often excited the commiseration of moralists. But Régnier will certainly not be forgotten so long as France possesses a national theatre. In that sanctuary of the dramatic art he has made himself a lasting monument and a perennial tradition. And if the actor and creator of so many parts which have become classics could be forgotten, the master and professor would survive in the pupils who will perpetuate his example, and be the strength and ornament of the French stage for many years to come, when his earlier contemporaries have one after the other made their final exit.

THE VOLUNTARY CHOIR.

IN the course of the famous visit of Mr. Spectator to Sir Roger de Coverley in his country-house he was informed by the worthy knight that, with the view of introducing decorum into the worship of his fellow-parishioners, he had given every one of them a hassock and a prayer book, "and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which," adds the essayist, "they very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard." Whatever he might think of the hassock and the prayer-book, the most conservative of country parsons would smile nowadays at the musical efforts of Sir Roger and

the Coverley psalm-singers. Yet it is odd to remember that hardly thirty years ago Tate and Brady still ruled supreme over every congregation, that charity children screamed in every gallery, and that every village had its "flute, violin, bassoon." The great revolutions of history, said a wise man, are the revolutions which nobody notices; but there is something startling in the unconsciousness with which the ecclesiastical world has looked on at the revolution which has been, and is still being, wrought by the Voluntary Choir. It has altered the very look of almost every church, it has demolished galleries and created choir-stalls, it has carried reform into the Liturgy and brevity into the sermon, it has added the "choral curate" to the staff of the clergy, and modified the whole parochial system by the rise of a new lay order with an organization, tradition, tendency, and literature of its own. Nor are the changes it has effected purely ecclesiastical. In its victory over the parish clerk, and its expulsion of the local musicians from the gallery, it has abolished one of the most picturesque elements of village society. In a moral and religious point of view, no doubt much was to be said for the change. Harmonious as was the link which the "flute, violin, bassoon" formed between the church and the alehouse, it was slightly perhaps uneclesiastical; and to the new and more zealous order of the clergy there was something vexatious in their steady habit of adjourning from the front gallery to the tap of the "Red Lion." Their musical temper, too, was of a narrow and conservative order, while their repertory of tunes was somewhat florid and secular in character. Now, however, that they have utterly vanished we can afford a few useless regrets. If, as is so confidently asserted, "we English are not a musical people," we could ill afford to lose the one musical element of our common village life. However rough and imperfect its form may have been, the group round the clerk certainly succeeded in drawing out in some sort the vocal or instrumental capacities of the village tinker, and preserved after its fashion a tradition of part-singing. Even if the alehouse tap was no very desirable concert-room, their rendering of a few simple carols or madrigals was a better thing for the taste of farmer or ploughboy than no rendering of them at all. Nor is this all the price we have paid for our modern advance in church music. A new "woman's question" has been introduced into religious politics. The almost universal flight of the new choirs from the gallery to the chancel has done much to effect the expulsion of women from all share in church song, and the growing tendency towards "surpliced choirs" will do more. We have heard from eccentric quarters some bold proposals for the creation of an order of singing women draped in dove-coloured cloaks, but, so far as actual experience goes, the victory of the boy chorister is complete. It is amusing enough that at the moment when woman is knocking at the door of every profession and preparing to storm her way into Parliament, she should be driven ignominiously from the choir-stalls.

Our business, however, is not with such great matters as social changes or woman's questions, but with the choir itself. Of all the many elements of a parish, it is at once the most indispensable and the most embarrassing. Few persons can do without it, and still fewer can get on with it. Many a vicar dates the troubles of his reign from the hapless day when it strikes the fancy of some attached devotee that "the service is dull and wants a little brightening." A crowd of commonplaces are soon at hand to enforce the casual suggestion; music is the predominant taste of the day, a crowd of musical laymen are eager to aid in the worship of the church, the "voluntary" character of the choir removes all fear of expense, while increased offertories and congregations would certainly accompany "more attractive" services. The parson listens, and is lost. He finds the mere getting a choir together no such easy matter, while the keeping them together requires the patience of an angel combined with the diplomacy of a Talleyrand. The girls of his National School become suddenly useless to him, and his boy choristers are no sooner put in training than they require pay. A supplementary boy choir has to be provided as a security against the epidemics of cough and cold which periodically rage on the eve of high festivals, and this again requires fresh "practices" and fresh pay. The musical ardour of the lay world vanishes on closer acquaintance. Bases are pretty easy to get, and for the most part comfortable and regular when you have got them. Tenors are scarcer in the market, and proportionally coy. They make conditions about attendance, refer to the delicacy of their throat, and refuse to turn out in an east wind. Altos are only to be found after a rigorous investigation of the neighbouring drapers' shops, and the vicar soon learns that they know their value. It is a little bothering to have to waste coaxing and blandishments on a beardless young draper; but there is no help for it, for altos are as scarce as they are indispensable. But preliminary troubles such as these are little in comparison with the troubles which begin as soon as the choir is really formed. "The musical temper," we are told, "is one of extreme sensitiveness," and the choir vestry becomes at once a hotbed of petty jealousies and misunderstandings. The church-goer in the pews, as he sees the white surplices stream quietly into the stalls, has no notion of the *mauvais quart d'heure* which the vicar has been spending before service began. The alto is sulking because there is no solo for him in the anthem. The leading choir-boy has chosen to play pitch-and-toss in the rain, and has appeared voiceless with a sore throat. The bases make their joint protest against the pace at which the precentor takes the responses. The tenor is late as usual, and appears, hot and angry, only just in time to join the procession. At the last moment it is discovered that there is a

mistake about the hymns, or the organist suddenly announces that something is the matter with the diapason. But the parson has long ago found out that the dissensions of the choir are far more tolerable than its harmony. Quarrel as they may among themselves, they are one as against the world without. They pique themselves on their *esprit de corps*. They are fond of acting in concert, of joint representations, suggestions, remonstrances, secessions. Every hint of opposition to their projects is met by a polite offer to retire—"in a body." The thought of a possible array of empty stalls and a humiliating fall back on "congregational music" generally suffices to reduce the parson to obedience. Every Sunday sees some new proof of his subjection. The old hymn-books are exchanged for new. The performers declare it to be impossible to remain in the gallery, and descend into the choir. The vicar has hardly succeeded in calming the Protestant susceptibilities of his district-visitors when a pressure is put upon him for surplices. Little by little he is driven from response to response, and forced to surrender the whole service to his musical coadjutors. A short fight ends in his utter rout on the subject of anthems. The service which he had fondly hoped to "brighten" has become a blaze of musical glory, but the glory is a little oppressive and overwhelming. The choral revolution has lengthened the services till the unhappy minister, with a consciousness of being "irregular," is forced to shelve the Litany, to play tricks with the closing Collects, and to cut down his sermon to a quarter of an hour.

It is clear that a revolution of this sort can hardly go on without producing some effect on a congregation, and the effect it usually produces is like that of Medea's cauldron. An air of rejuvenescence spreads over the pews. The "old attendant" insensibly vanishes. The doctor, who has no ear, slams his pew door in a rage, and takes a sitting at Little Bethel. The quiet parish simmers with a Protestant agitation which is constantly refreshed by secessions at every new anthem. On the other hand, young faces appear in aisle and gallery. If the grocer goes, the grocer's boy takes his place. The deaf old lady who shakes her head violently in mute protest at the chorister lads is elbowed and giggled out of her seat by a row of young milliners. The parson consoles himself for the flight of "the old familiar faces" by the thought that he is laying hold of the new generation. He winks at the increase of flirtations, and congratulates the choir on the "popularity" of the services. The choir accept the congratulation of the parson as they accept the smiles of the young milliners, but they enter a strong protest against the grocer's boy. It is impossible that the anthem can "go well" if that musical young person persists in singing the treble part in a fine rolling bass. They comment with the same severity on a growing tendency among the congregation to "join in" with a variety of "fancy tenors" and "second trebles." The parson blushes guiltily as he remembers the exhortations he has so often addressed to his flock from the pulpit on the subject of "a hearty service," and discovers that "a hearty service" means the silence of everybody save the choir. But before he can hint prudence to the grocer's boy, he finds himself in a sea of clerical troubles. The old-fashioned curate who, after long reluctance, has been wheeled into attempting a monotone, shrinks abashed before the complications of versicles and response. A distant threat of the adoption of "Tallis" on some high festival drives him to resignation. It is necessary to look out for a choral curate, and in process of time the choral curate appears. He is generally a nice fellow, good-humoured in the vestry, useless in the parish, and helpless in the pulpit. He wears his hair parted down the middle, and carries a little pitch-pipe in his pocket. His voice is delightful and his musical enthusiasm all that can be desired. The young milliners declare him "a love," and the choir listen with deference to his criticisms, till the criticisms fall upon themselves. The young curate piques himself on his taste; he pronounces the chants "florid," and the general execution of the responses "rough." He sneers at the famous "Gloria" from the Twelfth Mass on which the choir so especially pride themselves, and wonders how any reasonable being could attribute "such a thing" to Mozart. He insists on a return to "old church music," and strews the choir-stalls with Purcell and Boyce. The practice grows stricter, and the tenor is pulled sharply up in the middle of a solo, and convinced by the little pitch-pipe that he is flat. The choir-master finds his vocation suddenly taken from him, and the organist resigns in a huff. It is necessary that the vicar should again appear on the stage with a policy of conciliation. A choir supper brings peace to the troubled world of music. The organist pledges the choral curate in the vicar's champagne. The tenor forgets his woes, and is coaxed into repeating his favourite verse in "Forget thee! never!" The choir-master makes a speech to prove that harmony is "as necessary among gentlemen as among gentlemen's voices," and everybody shakes hands all round. But the oddest thing is the vicar's discovery that in the choir's opinion harmony has been disturbed by nobody but himself, and that it is only in a spirit of forgiveness and self-sacrifice that they are quaffing his champagne.

He turns for comfort to the offertories, but the increase in his offertories is met by a crowd of expenses. The parson finds that an unpaid choir is almost as expensive a luxury as a paid one. The cost of his boys has tripled. Surplices are not made or kept clean for nothing. The appearance of the choir in the chancel brings a carpenter's bill for choir-stalls. Then comes a little account from Novello's for "pointed psalters" and service-books. The organist drops in with a little bill for "new

anthems," and politely suggests that the increase of work must be met by a rise in salary. The organ itself, however sufficient for plain singing, becomes wheezy and recalcitrant when called on for voluntaries and accompaniments. But the vicar has no sooner drained his pocket for new bellows and a new swell, than he is called on to transfer it bodily from the gallery to the choir. The choral curate, agreeable as he is, is useless in "Dirt Alley," and it is requisite to double the clerical staff in order to provide for the spiritual necessities of the parish at large. The parson looks a little grim when a load of debt is added to the growls of his parishioners and the worries of the choir-vestry. Sometimes he throws up the cards in despair, and falls back on a simple "Dearly Beloved." Sometimes he takes refuge in a "Gregorian choir." The Gregorian choir is the lowest form of musical life which has yet been discovered; but, like the lower forms of life in the animal world, it requires little nutriment, and has a wonderful vitality. Any voice will do for it, if the voice is loud enough; and knowledge of music is useless in the face of a notation where four lines and square-headed crotchets are equally picturesque and unintelligible. All notion of time is openly abandoned, and tune resolves itself into a wild and formless howl at the close of each versicle. There is a large opportunity for "free singing," of which the grocer's boy and the milliner's apprentices gladly avail themselves. The effect perhaps is more curious than pleasant; but then the cost is very little. There is always a volunteer organist, who, as he cannot quite read his notes, is anxious to play "variations," and "variations" are supposed to be the proper accompaniment to Gregorian tones. As there is no sort of melody in the introits and versicles, the shyest curate has no great fear of going either right or wrong. As a rule, the young fellows in the choir are thoroughly satisfied with themselves and their stentorian exertions. But if any little storm rises the remedy is easy. "Walk 'em, sir," replied a sagacious churchwarden, when consulted by his parson how to appease a Gregorian choir, "and if they're still stubborn, walk 'em more." The one infallible specific in fact against permanent discontent is a procession. To pace slowly up and down an aisle with hands clasped before them to the vague and fitful sounds of an "ancient hymn," is a temptation which Gregorian choirs find it impossible to resist. If a short procession fails, it is easy to try a long one. Mutineers who have held out against a single turn up the aisle have been known to give way easily before they had been fairly walked round the body of the church. It is true that the remedy is a shade ridiculous, but a wise vicar will walk gravely in the rear, and as he sees peace spreading over the ranks before him, will pocket the ridicule. A far harder thing is to pocket the meritorious exertions of the choir itself. But at the moment of keenest musical suffering it is still possible for the parson to sacrifice his own instincts to the taste of the public, and to congratulate himself that the Church has discovered a new bulwark in the Voluntary Choir.

THE SAVINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

FOREIGNERS who write books about English ways of life almost invariably express their astonishment at the wastefulness and extravagance which they observe among all classes of our countrymen, and especially among the labouring population. An ordinary middle-class man or artisan in France or Germany would be miserable unless he arranged his expenditure so that there should be a safe margin between what he spent and what he earned. He feels bound to make provision, not only for his own old age, but for his children, so that they may get a good start in the world, that his girls may have a dowry, however small, and his sons a little sum to help them in business. Indeed he probably expects, if things have gone at all well with him, that he will himself be able to give up work before he is incapacitated by the infirmities of age. It must be acknowledged that in England such providence is rare. An Englishman of the same rank, as a rule, sticks to his work as long as he is able, makes as much money as he can, and spends it as fast as he makes it. At the most, he has perhaps subscribed to some Society which will support him when he is actually disabled by sickness, accident, or advancing years, or he has made some little assurance for his family at his death. But for the rest he is dependent on his earnings week by week, and his children must shift for themselves as he did before them. An English shopkeeper, clerk, or mechanic would be equally amazed and amused at the notion of saving up, so that at fifty or thereabouts he might be able to retire from work on a modest independence. To a Frenchman or German the habits of our working classes seem to involve a double waste. There is, first, the waste of labour which might be spared, and of time which might be devoted to repose or recreation. And, next, there is the waste of money which is squandered on evanescent or doubtful enjoyments, instead of being frugally laid by in order to secure exemption from labour and anxiety in after life, and to smooth the way of the young people. The extravagant spendings of English working-men are at their height in the households of the iron-puddlers, or of first-class miners during a brisk season, when four or five pounds a week are literally swallowed in feasting and dissipation; but even among the poorest there are possibilities of economy which are apt to be ignored. It is impossible to deny the extreme wretchedness of large classes of our population, both in the towns and in the country, and anything which can be done to improve their condition must

be welcomed as a step towards redressing what is at once a national scandal and a social danger. It may be doubted, however, whether a rise in wages, however good in itself, would be more than a temporary palliative, unless accompanied by a change in the improvident and reckless habits of the people. Whatever stimulates their independence and self-respect will be a gain in this respect; but to exchange dependence on an employer for the slavery of the Union is at the best a small and questionable advantage. Genuine independence is to be found only in those habits of thrift and frugality which provide for the future as well as for the present, and secure a safe margin between expenditure and earnings.

It would of course be absurd to blame the working classes as if improvidence were exclusively their fault. Their wastefulness and extravagance are mainly the product of similar habits among other classes, from whose superior education and enlightenment a better example might reasonably be expected. A simpler mode of life, a better understanding of what political economists mean when they talk of reproductive expenditure, among the upper and middle classes, would have its effect upon those below them. Perhaps the best way to encourage people to live within their means is to provide facilities for the safe and profitable investment of their savings. How far it is expedient that the State should make this its business directly is a question on which opinions differ; but it will at least be admitted that the State, if it interferes at all, is bound to take care that its interference shall not, on the one hand, obstruct voluntary enterprise, or, on the other hand, convey a false impression as to the responsibility of the State for the security of the speculations which it takes under its supervision. Hence the importance of the questions which are now being investigated by the Royal Commission on Friendly and Benefit Building Societies. The Commissioners have not yet published the evidence which they have collected in regard to the working of the Friendly Societies; but there can be little doubt that a large number of these associations are in a very precarious, and some of them in an absolutely insolvent, condition, and that the working classes have been induced to part with their savings—in the aggregate an enormous sum—to ignorant or unscrupulous speculators, who have been trading on the Government certificate that was supposed to guarantee the financial soundness of the Societies to which it was granted. In point of fact, the Registrar certified merely that there was nothing illegal in the rules which he approved; but he had no authority to speak as an actuary, or to investigate the financial constitution of the Societies which came before him. In many instances Friendly Societies are based on false actuarial calculations that must necessarily bring them to ruin, the rate of subscriptions which they require at different ages being insufficient to meet the liabilities which will subsequently arise; in other cases the cost of management eats up the revenues, or perhaps the managers cook the accounts and pocket the plunder. It is obvious that the longer these rotten or fraudulent associations are allowed to exist the more numerous will be the list of victims, and the greater will be the injury inflicted on a class of the community who on every ground are entitled to sympathy and protection. At the same time, it is natural that there should be strong interests opposed to a thorough investigation which must end in an exposure of insolvency, and possibly of malpractices into the bargain. There are the people who are now making a good thing for themselves out of speculations which would instantly collapse if the light were let in upon them, and who perhaps may also have more to dread than a mere loss of income; then there are the members who trust that their Society will at least last their time, and who would prefer to have the deluge postponed for the benefit of the next generation; and there is also a good deal of false pride and perverse jealousy on the part of the working classes, who are not indisposed to resent any interference with their concerns as invidious, if not oppressive. Now that the Commissioners ask for further powers to push their inquiries to the bottom, we may expect to find an outcry raised against the proposed inquiry. "We have had," they tell us, "occasionally to receive evidence of which, we fear, none of those who heard it could doubt the deliberate falseness; we have failed in many cases to elicit that which we believe would have been important; and we have been compelled to leave almost untouched a whole line of inquiry"—as to burial clubs and their influence on infanticide for the sake of fees, we suppose—"of which the evidence of Mr. Aspinall, the Coroner for Liverpool, may show the significance, but which, as involving criminal charges, could not be adequately carried out without powers of compulsion and powers of indemnity." It is due to the working classes, as well as to justice, that these inquiries should not be broken off in this manner.

For the present the Commissioners have confined their reports to the subject of Building Societies, which are supported by the middle, as well as by the working, classes. There is reason to fear that there may be unsoundness in some of the speculations of this kind, where the borrowed capital is excessive in proportion to genuine assets; and there can be no doubt that there is a serious incongruity between the operations of most of these Societies and the law as it now stands. The Societies have, in fact, quite outgrown the law. Instead of being small local associations to assist working-men in the construction of cottages, they have become corporations of great magnitude dealing with vast sums of money. It is estimated—for exact returns cannot be procured—that there are 2,000 Building Societies now in existence in England and Wales, the total number of members being 800,000, with a subscribed capital of over 9,000,000*l.*, a loan and de-

posit capital of over 6,000,000*l.*, total assets to the amount of 17,000,000*l.*, mortgage advances over 16,000,000*l.*, and a yearly income of more than 11,000,000*l.* One Society has nearly 17,000 members, another 10,000, and so on. The income of a single Society is over a million and a half. So great is the confidence of the public in these enterprises that many of them have reduced the rate of interest to four, and even three, per cent. in order to check the influx of deposits which still come flowing in. In various districts the banks find it difficult to compete with them. We hear of single advances, not only of thousands, but of twenty and thirty thousand pounds, being made by Building Societies, sometimes on the security of mills and factories; and there seems to be no doubt that they have become to a large extent middle-class organizations. On the other hand, the Commissioners report that the Societies still do business mainly with the working classes, or with a class only slightly superior to them in station. In Birmingham, in Ashton-under-Lyne, and elsewhere, they have greatly encouraged the construction of houses for the working and lower middle classes. The statistics of these Societies show that, notwithstanding our national reputation for improvidence, there is yearly an enormous sum in the shape of savings seeking a safe investment; and also that the people cannot be said to be altogether divorced from the soil when we find that they are, through the Building Societies, in possession of land equal to the area of several counties, as owners, lessees, or mortgagees. It is evident from the operations of these associations that there is no difficulty in purchasing large or small estates, if a sufficient price is offered. The question being whether the Building Societies should be cut down to fit the law, or the law expanded so as to adapt it to their developed condition, the Commissioners recommend that the latter alternative should be followed. They think that the exemption of stamp duty on mortgages should be limited to securities for sums not exceeding 200*l.*; that the privilege of priority against the estates of deceased debtors should be abolished; that the borrowing powers should be limited to two-thirds of the total value of the amounts for the time being secured on mortgage; that the system of registration should be improved so as to secure uniformity, and to allow of a discretion as to certifying; and that some other modifications should be made in the existing law. Building Societies will, on the whole, gain rather than lose by these changes, and all doubts as to their position will be removed.

MODERN PROPHECIES.

WE called attention about a twelvemonth ago to a little work of Dr. Döllinger's on Prophecies of the Christian Era, ranging from the first ages of the Church to the Reformation. But it must not be supposed that the passion for peering curiously into the future, which seems to be an ineradicable instinct of humanity, has died out since then, or that the demand has ceased to create a supply. The second-sight of which Sir Walter Scott has told us so much, and many of the best authenticated dreams and ghost stories—only that unfortunately they always reach us at second hand—bear witness to the persistent desire of mankind to pierce the veil, and to their robust faith, in spite of all former disappointments, in the possibility of gratifying it. Indeed the very use of the word "prophet," which has come in ordinary apprehension to be simply identified with seer, or foreteller of the future, is a significant indication of this. In Latin the same word is employed for prophet and poet, and the Greek term *προφήτης*, so largely employed in the Septuagint and the New Testament, does not, strictly speaking, mean a foreteller of coming events at all. Liddell and Scott rightly translate it, "one who speaks for another," and especially "one who speaks for God"—an "interpreter"—and give as its New Testament sense "an interpreter of Scripture, a preacher." This is also, of course, its Old Testament sense. The Jewish Prophets were the interpreters of God's will, or preachers to the people; their predictive or "prophetic" function, as we have come to limit the sense of the word, was entirely subordinate to this. When Dr. Newman styled one of his early Anglican works *Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, he was as accurate as he always is in his choice of language. But we make not the least doubt that nine-tenths of ordinary Christians, and probably a good many Christian ministers, if they were asked who the Prophets were, would reply at once, without any hesitation, that they were persons who foretold future events; so completely has that one incident of the function which they discharged in the Jewish Church ousted all the rest from the popular mind. And the enormous multiplication of the prophets of Baal who "with one mouth declared"—that is, predicted—"good things unto the king," but who do not seem to have greatly concerned themselves about any moral or spiritual instruction, shows that this one-sided estimate of the prophetic office is by no means of merely modern growth.

We have observed that the stream of Christian prophecy by no means dried up at the Reformation, while there are, moreover, many predictions of an earlier date still eagerly canvassed, as being unfulfilled, or only partially fulfilled. Many of these, which are just now popular amongst Legitimist and Ultramontane circles in France, had reference to a *Monarcha fortis*, who has sometimes been identified with the First or Second Napoleon, and is of course now supposed to be the Count of Chambord, though the circumstance of his being sometimes described as "a

young prince" rather complicates that application. With the great King was usually associated a great Pope, who is called in the prophetic catalogue ascribed to St. Malachy, which is really about three centuries old, *Pastor Angelicus*. The monk of Orval, who died in the middle of the sixteenth century, and whose written prophecies were buried with him, but were dug up in 1793, and afterwards published—whether with or without being tampered with it is now impossible to say—adds some further particulars. According to him, three great Kings—whom the *Times*' Correspondent the other day specified as the Czar, the King of England, and a German Prince—are to be converted to Catholicism, and two island nations also are to embrace the true faith. This is indeed a favourite topic of these later seers, and a famous vision, said to have been related by Edward the Confessor on his deathbed, is interpreted in the same sense. He saw, we are told, a green tree, representing England, cut down and moved to a distance of three furlongs from its own root, after which it was replaced. This is explained to refer to the separation of England from Catholic unity for the space of three centuries, and therefore to point to its speedy conversion. Still more elaborate was the prophecy of St. Hildegard, who lived in the twelfth century, and foretold that "in distant ages the Christian nations would very generally depart from the fear of God, wars would increase and become more destructive, vast multitudes would perish by the sword, and many cities be destroyed; but, at last, mankind, purified through heavy tribulations, would return to the practice of the laws of Holy Church." The language, as so often happens in such cases, is sufficiently vague, but it no doubt lends itself readily to the antecedents and outbreak of the Reformation and the religious wars which followed in its wake. The prophetess goes on to describe the reign of righteousness and peace which shall follow the repentance of the nations and usher in the Second Advent, partly in language derived from Isaiah, and the conversion of the Jews. A century and a half later St. Gertrude expatiated in more general terms on the glory reserved for the latter days of the Church. Far more explicit are the predictions of the hermit Bartholomew Holtzhauser, nearer our own day, who foretold in detail the reunion of Greeks and Latins, the return of England and Germany to Catholic unity, the fall of the Turkish Empire, and that "all idolatry and unbelief shall be rooted out, and the nations enjoy a general peace, while all arts and sciences shall be brought to perfection, and the promises of the inspired Prophets of the Old Testament receive their full accomplishment." There are strange stories of predictions of the kind current even in our own days. Our readers may like to have one specimen. We extract it from a work published some years ago by a Roman Catholic gentleman who is still living. He was travelling in Wales at the time, and, in the course of conversation with the priest at whose chapel he had been hearing mass, asked him whether he thought England would ever again become Catholic:—

The good priest said with much earnestness that he believed it would. And he added a most remarkable history that tended to confirm his opinion. About a hundred and fifty years before that time there was a saintly Catholic gardener in that very town, who was a man of extraordinary virtue and prayer; indeed his life was one continued prayer, and next to his own sanctification no object occupied so prominent a place in his multiplied petitions to the throne of grace as the return of his own dear country England to the unity of the Catholic Church. One morning, three years before his happy death, he had received the holy communion, and all at once he was rapt in spirit, and Jesus, whom in the sacrament of His love he had just received, manifested Himself to His humble servant, and with a sweet and gracious aspect said to him, "My son, I have heard your prayer so often poured out before me; I will have mercy upon England." At these words, the poor gardener, overwhelmed with gratitude, exclaimed: "When, Lord, oh! when?" "Not now," replied our Saviour; "but when England shall build as many churches as she destroyed at the change of religion, and when she shall restore and beautify the remainder."

The narrator of the tale proceeds to quote a contemporary authority—he was writing in 1857—to the effect that about three thousand churches have been restored and nearly two thousand new churches built in Great Britain during the present century, and he considers that there is "a mysterious relation between the facts and the prediction."

The prophecies we have mentioned chiefly concern the fortunes of the Church, and indeed there are few of the mediæval predictions, many of which emanated from monks and nuns, which have not a religious bearing, though they often include political references also, and especially where Rome, the home both of an ecclesiastical and a civil secular sovereignty, is concerned. There are also many vaticinations about Paris, which was looked on as the second centre of Latin Christendom, and these seem still to be exerting a perceptible influence, if we may credit recent statements as to personages of high family in France who hold aloof from the capital at this moment from dread of being involved in its imminent destruction. Still more frequent, as is natural, are the predictions about Antichrist, who, according to some authorities, is to be born of the union between a Jew and a Mahometan. It would be interesting to examine how far many modern and Christian prophecies may be traced to a Pagan source. The Christian apologists of the early centuries, as is well known, invariably recognized a genuine prophetic element in Paganism, as well as in Judaism, and boldly appealed to it. And Neander insists that, as "Christianity is the end to which all development of the religious consciousness necessarily tended," they were fully justified in doing so. But then he also admits that, with their lack of critical taste or skill, they made many mistakes, especially in using all sorts of spurious or interpolated writings which passed under high-sounding mythical names, as of the Grecian

Trismegistus or the Egyptian Thoth; and it seems that Christian as well as Jewish writers freely interpolated the Sibylline oracles themselves. Celsus at least publicly reproached them with doing so, and Origen could only answer that the earlier Sibylline writings were also full of interpolations. The tendency to fabricate predictions and the tendency to credit them, which necessarily react on one another, spring in fact from a common source. It is easy to classify the prophets and their disciples as knaves and fools, and a generation or two ago such a rough and ready classification would have passed current in educated society as exhaustive. There are no doubt still persons who regard Swedenborg and Joanna Southcott as mere vulgar impostors, and their followers, past or present, as idiots or stark mad. But psychology and history alike rebel against this process of coarse rationalizing. It is very doubtful if any impostor ever gained a following who was not at least half an enthusiast, and it is certain that nine-tenths of the followers in such cases are much more of enthusiasts than of fools. The feverish hankering after a knowledge of futurity may be as irrational as the ready credence accorded to any one who offers to satisfy it is often purely superstitious, but denunciation will do little to dispel a curiosity which repeated disappointment seems wholly powerless to diminish. It was just as unreasonable to feel an exceptional dread about the result of the Prince of Wales's illness on the anniversary of his father's death, and an exceptional sense of hopefulness when the day was over; yet we suspect that not one in ten even of the educated classes was altogether exempt from such a feeling, and we should be quite prepared to learn that it was shared by the Royal Family themselves. How many persons are there of sound digestion and well-stored mind, and not exclusively ladies, who will never, if they can help it, start on a journey on a Friday or sit down thirteen to dinner! Yet this is much more irrational than to attach some weight to a prediction, not in itself absurd, coming from a man of apparently saintly character who believes himself to be inspired from above. And belief is of course more natural, though not therefore more reasonable, when the prophecy happens to jump with a surmise or a wish of our own. Archbishop Laud was not perhaps a wise politician; but he was certainly very far indeed from being a visionary or a fool; yet he attached what now seems to us a ridiculous importance to his dreams, and was not ashamed to avow it. It is the privilege of a well-regulated mind to regard all such matters with a lofty indifference, but we are not sure that the privilege may not be too dearly purchased. Man is not only "a rational animal," as the logic manuals tell us, and according to the deduction drawn by the same authorities, "a cooking animal," but he also possesses what Bishop Butler rather unceremoniously designates "the froward and delusive faculty" of imagination, which plays to the full as important a part in the mental development of most men as the reason. And as long as that "delusive faculty" holds its place, there will always be plenty of men and women, who are neither knaves nor fools, so organized as to have a capacity for seeing visions and dreaming dreams, and a vastly greater number eager to listen to their tale, and more than half inclined to believe it.

THE MARTYRED HORRY.

INCIDENTS occasionally occur which make one wonder how much longer the criminal law will bear the strain of that sickly sentiment and morbid sympathy with criminals which seems to be continually on the increase. What with the mad doctors on the one hand, and the madder philanthropists on the other, it appears to be becoming continually more difficult to get the law enforced. A French writer, discussing a proposal to abolish capital punishments, remarked that he thought it was an excellent idea, but it was for the murderers to set the example—"Abolissons la peine de mort, mais que messieurs les assassins commencent." It is a curious trait of modern philanthropy that its fullest sympathy and most affectionate attentions should be devoted to those who prey upon and destroy their species. There seems to be a considerable body of people who, when a man kills another, yearn over the murderer as the hapless victim of an accidental misfortune. They compete with each other in their efforts to persuade him not to distress himself too much about it, and strain every nerve to render the formalities of justice as mild and innocuous as possible. A few weeks ago a young man named Lennard was sentenced to death for the murder of another man. He was recommended to mercy on account of his youth, but the Home Secretary, having carefully inquired into the matter, and consulted with the judge, decided that the law ought to take its course. One of the members for Leeds took up the case, and the Home Secretary reconsidered the question, but adhered to his former view. Upon this Mr. Wheelhouse "went to the Rev. E. Jackson of St. James's, and urged him to send by telegraph a remonstrance against the impending execution." Mr. Jackson did so, and the result was that the Home Secretary immediately telegraphed back that he had determined to reprove Lennard. Thus a decision which had been deliberately formed after mature consideration and consultation with the proper authorities was withdrawn by the Home Secretary, on the eve of the execution, merely because he happened to receive a telegram from a clergyman saying that he thought it a pity the man should be hanged. An eminent dignitary of the Church once signed a memorial praying that the life of a girl who had murdered

her mother under circumstances of peculiar atrocity should be spared, and the reason he gave was that he thought the murderer would make an excellent Sunday School teacher. We do not know what Lennard's gifts may be in that way; but if it is to be understood that capital sentences are to be cancelled whenever a murderer can get a tender-hearted clergyman to send a shilling telegram on his behalf to the Home Secretary, we are afraid very few sentences of that nature will be carried into execution. Even Madlle. Dixblanc need not despair; if she only shows herself to be sufficiently edified by the new views of life presented to her mind since she locked up her mistress's body in the coal cellar, and especially by the exhortations of the gaol chaplain, she will find herself an object of more affectionate interest and gushing admiration than she could ever have expected had she refrained from strangling her employer. A straw will break the camel's back, and poor Mr. Bruce no doubt felt in Lennard's case that the point had been reached at which he could no longer endure the pressure that was brought to bear upon him. It is obvious, however, that this is not the way to maintain the dignity of the law and the confidence of the public in its administration.

It is difficult to say whether it is more demoralizing that murderers should be reprieved in order to gratify weak-minded busybodies whose hearts are as soft as their heads, or that the law should take its course in order that the victims may be afterwards glorified as "martyrs." A "demonstration" has lately taken place at Burslem in Staffordshire which illustrates in a remarkable manner the state of mind into which it is possible for people to work themselves when they once give way to false sentiment and maudlin tenderness. It is stated in the local papers that about one hundred and fifty or two hundred of the inhabitants walked in procession to the parish church "to show their appreciation of the late W. F. Horry," and a funeral sermon was "kindly preached" by the rector. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with thousands of people. The church was also crowded with a respectable congregation, many shed tears, and the preacher himself was "almost choked with emotion." A funeral card was issued, "Sacred to the Memory of William Frederick Horry," &c., winding up with a statement that Horry was held in the highest respect at Burslem for his "sterling qualities," that he died "as a man, a Christian, and a martyr," and "was more sinned against than sinning—peace be to his manes!" Any one who happened to read the account of these proceedings without being acquainted with the late Mr. W. F. Horry's career would naturally be led to the conclusion that he had perished in some noble act of heroism and self-sacrifice for the good of mankind; he might perhaps have been a missionary bishop murdered by savages, a village Hampden who had succumbed to local persecution, a dauntless physician who had fallen a prey to the pestilence against which he was contending. There are many respectable persons who are not honoured with the "highest respect" of their fellow-townsmen, and it is reasonable to suppose that this is reserved for a very high type of character. A candid inquirer whose curiosity had been aroused by these encomiums, and who had observed that reference was made to a recent trial, would naturally turn to the reports of the trial which appeared in the newspapers to see whether they threw any light on the subject. He would then learn that Horry once kept a tavern in Burslem and married the barmaid. Last year, however, his wife, of whom he was violently jealous, left him and sought his father's protection. She was living at his father's house at Boston in January last when Horry sought an interview with her. He went armed with a five-chambered revolver, and when her back was turned, as she led the way from one room to another, he shot her dead. He had purchased the pistol two days previously, all the chambers were loaded, and there was no doubt that the crime was deliberate and premeditated. It was stated that Horry had been in the habit of drinking to excess. Two or three years ago he had more than one attack of *delirium tremens*, and since then he had been frequently observed to be excited and wild in manner. It was also remarked that he drank deeply, and that "he was shaky" and had "twitchings of the mouth and other marks of a confirmed drunkard. After the murder he was offered a little brandy, but he refused it, saying, "No, I have had enough of that; I have been drunk on it for the last six weeks." He had told his brother that his wife had been unfaithful, and had mentioned different names in connexion with the matter. He had also consulted a lawyer with a view to taking proceedings in the Divorce Court. The only defence set up for him by his counsel was that by drinking and jealousy he was so overpowered as to be unable to control his actions. Dr. Tuke's theory of a "paroxysm of motive" had not yet been invented, or we should no doubt have heard of it in this instance. Mr. Justice Quain, who tried the case, remarked that it was a very painful one, but the jury were bound to see that the law was vindicated, and society protected. It was probable, he added, that Horry was convinced of his wife's infidelity, and it appeared that he was in the habit of drinking; but jealousy and drunkenness were no excuse. When the jury returned a verdict of guilty, the judge said that it was impossible they could arrive at any other conclusion. Horry was sentenced to death, and in this instance the sentence was carried out.

It appears, therefore, that the "Christian martyr" for whom Burslem cherishes "the highest respect" which it is capable of feeling, was a drunken publican, who drank himself into delirium, and killed his wife in a fit of jealousy. Whether there was any ground for his jealousy we cannot say, but it appears that his

father at least disbelieved his story, and gave the poor woman the shelter of his roof. Even assuming that his suspicions were well founded, it need hardly be pointed out that Horry should have had recourse to the Divorce Court, and not to fire-arms, and that there is some danger in encouraging the idea that a man who suspects his wife has a right to shoot her. From the report of the trial we turn to the rector's sermon for an explanation of Horry's claims to the profound respect and admiration of his townsmen as a model Christian. The sermon was on the text, "Evil pursueth sinners, but to the righteous good shall be repaid"; but the report leaves us in some doubt whether, in the rector's opinion, the murderer was to be classed among the sinners or among the righteous. In one passage Horry is spoken of as an "instrument made use of by Heaven to stay the progress of one of the sinners." If these words mean anything, they would seem to imply that Horry was an agent of Providence, and that he was hanged for fulfilling a divine mandate to kill his wife. It will perhaps be thought that it is just as well there should be what the rector calls "human law" to discourage murder, when language of this kind is used from the pulpit in regard to a cowardly and atrocious crime. What seems to have impressed the rector most favourably with regard to Horry was the good end he made. Those, he observed, who had been the comrades and boon companions of the murderer would never have expected from him a homily on sin and its penalties. We are led to suppose that the production of this homily was the end which Providence had in view in using Horry as an instrument of murder. But if the wife had not been unfaithful, Horry would not have killed her, and if the "human law" had not taken him in hand with a view to hanging him, he would not have had the opportunity of composing his homily in the condemned cell; so that we have, according to this theory, two sins and the sacrifice of a couple of lives in order that this wretched creature might indite the poor canting egotistical fustian of his last speech and confession. The impression which seems to have been left on the minds of the congregation is shown by a letter which a person who was present has addressed to one of the local papers, asserting that Horry, "by his repentance and the manner in which he expiated his sins, has afforded an example by which many will be benefited." It is to be hoped that Horry's example will not be followed too closely, and that it will not be assumed to be necessary for a man to drink himself into a state of delirium and then to kill his wife in order that he may become a model Christian, and edify the world. For our own part we cannot say that Horry's end appears to us to be altogether of an edifying character. On the contrary, there is something shocking in the arrogant confidence and jauntily self-conceit of the poor wretch in quitting this world. From the beginning to the end of the long letter in which he expresses what he calls his "modest Christian faith," there is nothing more than a casual allusion to the poor woman whom he murdered, and to repentance for his crime. He speaks as a saint might be supposed to do from an eminence of piety and goodness, looking down in sorrow on the grovelling world below. He is sure of Heaven for himself, but he recurs over and over again, in anything but a hopeful tone, to the probable destiny of his father, who sided with his wife against him. "I have been deeply sinned against and wronged," he says. "I pardon all who have sinned against me, particularly my father." The bitterness of spirit thus betrayed contrasts painfully with the pious texts and stereotyped exclamations of religious faith which fill the letter. The whole affair is a melancholy example of the morbid state of mind into which people are sometimes apt to fall with regard to notorious criminals. The lady who has been writing to the *Times* to complain that women are treated like domestic *feræ*, and that when a man kills his wife by thrusting her under the wheels of a waggon he gets off with three months' hard labour, will perhaps be disposed to regard the demonstration in honour of Horry as another sign of the prevailing contempt for female life. It would certainly be difficult to imagine a more horribly grotesque instance of popular canonization than this glorification of a drunken innkeeper for murdering his wife.

HISTORY MADE TO ORDER.

VERY odd indeed are the things which ever and anon come before us in the way of statements about the history of distant times. And especially odd do they become when men undertake the task of writing history so as to suit the requirements of theological partisanship. In our line of life examples drop in upon us from various, and sometimes unexpected, quarters. We hardly know how we came by a lecture on the Destiny of Christian Rome, delivered in the Church of St. Laurence O'Toole—seemingly in Dublin—by the Very Rev. Monsignor Moran, D.D., but here it is before us. Now, if Monsignor Moran had not thought good to run his head against the twelfth century, we might not have greatly concerned ourselves as to anything which he might choose to say about the Destiny of Christian Rome. We were of course prepared to find that a Monsignor preaching in the church of St. Laurence O'Toole provides Christian Rome with quite a different destiny from any provided for it by Dr. Cumming. And, if Monsignor Moran chooses to talk about the twelfth century or any other century, we have not a word to say against his talking about it in the conventional way which a long tradition has prescribed to his class. He may use any epithets that he chooses without in the least disturbing us. We know that there are those in

whose eyes our own Edward the Sixth is a young tiger-cub, and those in whose eyes he is a blessed and innocent prince. Let him be either blessed or tiger-cub at pleasure, or, if any one likes it, let the two characters be rolled together in the form of "B. Tiger-cub," provided only that no imaginary actions are attributed to him and that none of his real actions are wilfully kept out of sight. We do not quarrel with the worthy diarist Burchard, who writes the history of Alexander the Sixth, beginning each entry with "Sanctissimus Dominus noster," and under that head faithfully setting forth the murders, adulteries, and perjuries that were done that day. So we know how a Monsignor is bound to write in any question about Popes and Emperors, Guelfs and Ghibelines. To be sure, in the English tongue the thing can be done only very feebly. No man can scold so vigorously in our cold Northern tongue as can be done in ecclesiastical Latin. To call people blessed and innocent, or to call them knaves, fools, tiger-cubs, and such like, is a small matter compared with the power of crowning either side with all the several good and bad names which have their ending in *issimus*. So we are not greatly amazed at the way in which our Monsignor talks of Popes and Emperors severally. Nor are we much more amazed when writers who strive to do justice to both sides, in whose eyes neither Popes nor Emperors are *ex officio* either angels or devils, are spoken of as writers in whom "envenomed hatred of the Holy See takes the place of history," and by whom "facts are represented, not as they really were, but as these writers would wish them to have been."

This kind of talk reminds one of a very ancient saying—"Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi." A Monsignor may perhaps have some difficulty in understanding that the Holy See is not in everybody's eyes the same all-important object which it is in his own. An impartial historian, who has learned that no sect or class ever had a monopoly either of good or of evil, will certainly not look on the Holy See with "envenomed hatred." He will look on the Papacy as an institution which has played a most important part in the world's history, and whose working has been so different in different ages that it cannot be pronounced to be either wholly good or wholly evil. From the point of view of English history he will pronounce the See of Rome to have been a great benefactor in the sixth century, and on the whole an enemy in the thirteenth. Yet even in the thirteenth century he will not feel a purely "envenomed hatred" against the power which gave us Stephen Langton. But we can quite understand that to the mind of a Monsignor, to whom every act of every Pope, John the Twelfth, Alexander the Sixth, and the rest, is no doubt clothed with infallibility, such a calm way of balancing the good and evil of the Papacy, just like the good and evil of anything else, may bear the look of envenomed hatred. It is more important when the attempt to narrate facts impartially, to do justice to Pope and Cæsar alike, is described as "representing facts, not as they really were, but as these writers would wish them to have been."

The matter on which Monsignor Moran feels so troubled is the history of Frederick Barbarossa, and especially his conduct with regard to the double election to the Papacy which followed the death of Pope Hadrian the Fourth. It is a matter too far removed from our own time, and from any question bearing on our own time, to excite any vehement degree of partisanship, or to supply any strong temptation to represent facts otherwise than as they really were. But we will meet our Monsignor on his own ground. He has, after his own fashion, appealed unto Cæsar; so unto Cæsar he shall go. Let us see whether his own statements about the Emperor Frederick represent facts as they really were, and whether they do not look very like representing facts as a Monsignor might naturally wish them to have been.

Let us see how the Monsignor tells the famous tale of the double election:—

On the day when the Cardinals elected Alexander the Third to the chair of St. Peter, the agents of Barbarossa rushed into the conclave, tore off the sacred vestments from the newly-elected Pope, and hurried him and the Cardinals to prison. "Grent," says an eye-witness of these scenes, "was the grief of the clergy; the judges and seniors of Rome were weighed down with sorrow, and a helpless stupor seized the people, until at length, when the august victims of persecution had been three days in the dungeons of Trastevere, the spirit of Frangipani and the other nobles could brook the outrage no longer; they marched at the head of the Roman people, seized the fortress, and restored the prisoners to liberty." Three anti-Popes in succession were intruded by Barbarossa into the See of Peter, seeking by unrelenting tyranny to oppress the whole Church of God.

Now "Barbarossa," by Monsignor Moran's way of talking of him, might have been the pirate instead of the Emperor; but this does not greatly matter. The point is that, from this account, in which facts are to be represented as they were, and not as anybody might wish them to be, nobody would guess that there was any double election, any division among the Cardinals, at all. The Monsignor's hearers would not be to blame if they fancied that the Cardinals with one voice chose Roland, otherwise Alexander the Third, and that some unknown persons in the Imperial interest clapped them in prison for their pains. Now this double election is one of the things about which we know everything, or rather, unluckily for those who have to write the story, we know something more than everything, a state of things which comes to nearly the same as knowing nothing. That is to say, we have minute accounts from eye-witnesses and actors of both parties; but their accounts are so utterly contradictory that it is hardly possible, even by stretching our charity to the utmost, to believe that both sides were writing in good faith. But on one point there can be no doubt—namely, that a party of the Cardinals chose Roland, who took

the name of Alexander, and that another party chose Octavian, who took the name of Victor. The question was, whether of the two elections was canonically valid. Letters from the two rival Popes, and from their several followings of cardinals, are preserved in the second book of Radevic of Freisingen, and the English reader will find a summary of them in the third volume of Milman's *Latin Christianity*. The first letter is from Victor, and its tenor is a little suspicious. He salutes all the Saints, but chiefly them which are of Caesar's household. He speaks of his own election as having been regularly made by the Cardinals, with the consent of the clergy and people, the senators and captains of Rome. He gives no hint as to any division among the electors, but at the end of his letter he speaks almost casually of a certain Roland, a conspirator with William of Sicily against the Church and the Empire, who had been thrust in twelve days after his own election. It may perhaps win us some favour in the eyes of Monsignor Moran if we say that this does not read like the letter of a man who is speaking the whole truth. Then comes a much longer letter from Alexander, addressed neither to the world in general nor to the courtiers of the Emperor, but to the Bishop, Canons, Doctors of Law and Masters, of Bologna. He does not at all claim a unanimous election, though he asserts that the Cardinals who supported his rival were only three. He then says that, as soon as he was invested with the Papal mantle, Octavian tore it from his shoulder with his own hands, which is probably the incident which the Monsignor refers to when he talks of the agents of Barbarossa rushing into the Conclave and tearing the sacred vestments from the newly elected Pope. Octavian was then invested with a mantle which he had himself brought for the purpose, but in the hurry it was put on the wrong way, and Octavian does not seem to have had, like William the Conqueror, ready wit enough to make capital out of the accident. At this stage bands of armed men appear, and Alexander, with the Cardinals of his party, takes refuge in the fortress attached to the church. There they stayed for nine days, for certain of the senators, bribed, so Alexander says, by his rival, kept guard over them and would not let them come forth. But the people rose up against the senators, on which a further bribe induced the senators to remove the Cardinals to a straiter and stronger place of ward on the other side of the Tiber. Thence, after three days, the senators and people released them, and Alexander was solemnly consecrated and crowned at Ninfa in the presence of a great company. The Cardinals of Victor's obedience next address their letter to all persons of rank and authority in Church and State, in which they plainly profess themselves to be partisans of the Emperor against the Sicilian King: they claim to have had nine votes at the election against fourteen on the side of Alexander. They allow that an attempt was made to clothe Alexander with the Papal mantle, but they affirm that before it was done Victor was regularly chosen, invested, and enthroned with the assent of the senate, clergy, and people at Rome. The sojourn of the Cardinals of the other side in the fortress of St. Peter, and their departure out of the city, are also mentioned, but we of course hear nothing of the violence and the bribery spoken of in the letter of Alexander. At last, twelve days after the election of Victor, they invested Alexander at a place called the Cistern—the Cistern of Nero—and afterwards consecrated him. Then follows a letter to the Emperor from the Cardinals of Alexander's party, asserting that the cause of Victor was supported only by three false brethren among the Cardinals, but containing no new facts, except a complaint of certain wrongdoings of the Count Palatine Otto after the election. On this the Emperor, following, as he says, the examples of his predecessors, Constantine, Theodosius, Justinian, Charles, and Otto, summons a Council of the Church to decide the matter. Fifty Bishops, and a number of Abbots and other prelates, came together, and, as the Emperor affirms, they sat strictly as an ecclesiastical court, without any lay interference. Before this Council Victor appeared, but Alexander took no notice of the Imperial summons. A letter was read from the Canons of St. Peter's, supporting the cause of Victor, and adding the further statement that the party of Alexander had contrived to occupy the castle as a place of shelter before the election began. The Council heard the cause, and decided in favour of Victor, chiefly on the grounds of the earlier investiture of Victor, and of the non-appearance of Alexander; though the fact comes out that letters of Alexander to the insurgent cities of Lombardy were intercepted and read, a fact which may not have been without its influence on the minds of the Imperialist prelates.

This is the account, as we have it in Radevic—an account which is especially valuable as it consists wholly of official documents, and gives us the arguments of both parties as set forth by themselves. Of other contemporary writers, the Imperialist Otto Morena gives us no fresh facts, but the Milanese Sire Raul, telling the story in the same way as it is told in the letters of Alexander's party, adds that the three Cardinals who voted for Octavian devised his election in common with the Imperial Ambassadors, Otto the Count Palatine, and Guy Count of Biandrate. The life of Alexander by the Cardinal of Arragon, a respectable though not contemporary authority, adds certain invectives which he says that the Roman populace, especially the women and children, addressed to Victor, and mentions Otto Frangipani as leading the party by whom the Cardinals of Alexander's obedience were set free. His account, as may be supposed, is conceived in a strongly anti-Imperialist spirit, but it does not help us to any facts with regard to the actual election beyond what we find in the strictly contemporary

documents. Such is the genuine story. The reader may judge for himself which Pope was the more canonically elected, and he may believe whichever he chooses of the statements, that Victor was supported by nine or only by three Cardinals; he will probably suspect that the motive which led the Emperor and a Council consisting mainly of German and Burgundian Bishops to accept the claims of Victor is as likely to be sought for in his professions of Imperialist loyalty as in the fact that he was, by whatever means, and in whatever form, the first to be invested with the Papal mantle. Nor is there anything improbable in the statement that the Cardinals of Victor's party acted with the advice and consent of the Imperial ambassadors. But all this is something very different from the picture to which the congregation of St. Laurence O'Toole were treated of Imperial agents rushing in among unanimous Cardinals and carrying them off to a dungeon.

If it were worth while, we might cull some other curious instances of history written to order from the lecture of Monsignor Moran, but we have space only to mention a curious and amusing anachronism. We were startled by a statement that Arnold of Brescia was sheltered by the Visconti. After a good deal of searching we found in the Cardinal of Aragon's Life of Hadrian the Fourth that he was sheltered by certain persons described as "Vice Comites de Campaniâ"; we cannot boast of any intimate acquaintance with these Viscounts, but at all events they must have been quite different people from Bernabos and Gian-Galeazzo.

We trust that we have written this little piece of disputed ecclesiastical history without discharging any kind of venom against Popes, Emperors, or anybody else; but it does seem to us that our Monsignor, in rebuking those whom he charges with representing facts not as they were, but as they would wish them to have been, has himself become something very like the great Sublime he draws. We owe Monsignor Moran no grudge on account of his particular theological views. We would just as little trust Lord Shaftesbury to write the facts of the reign of Edward the Sixth as we would trust Monsignor Moran to write the facts of the reign of Alexander the Third. Theological partisans, whatever be their theology, have ever had the same tendency to bite and devour one another after the manner of ravening wolves. For our own part we feel among them, as the Council says of Octavian, alias Victor, "tanquam agnus mansuetus et innocens"; but as in Mr. Froude's natural history a lamb is made capable of spitting venom, it may be that we have been all the time spitting venom at somebody or other unknown to ourselves.

SOME ECONOMICAL ASPECTS OF THE LABOURERS' STRIKE.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the particular movement which has given such sudden fame to the South Warwickshire peasantry, it is probable that Labourers' Unions may have to be accepted as a condition of the agriculture of the future. There is an increasing disposition among the landowners, even in the districts immediately affected by the recent strikes, to recognize the right of combination; and if the opposition of the farmers to any such admission should be successful for the moment, the revival of such organizations cannot be long deferred. The labourers will have found out the strength that combination gives them, and this discovery, once made, is not likely to remain barren long. It is also probable that this change will lead to the concession of a part at least of the labourers' demands. The over-population of the agricultural districts, and the consequent ability of the farmer to command all the labour he needs, has perhaps been exaggerated. Or, should it prove to be true, agricultural Unions are more likely than town Unions to turn their minds to emigration. A rough life in Canada or Australia may prove to have fewer terrors for the man accustomed to country work of all kinds than for the artisan, or even for the unskilled labourers in towns. It becomes a question of interest therefore what will be the effect of a general rise of wages on the condition of the class by whose efforts it has been brought about. Ought we to wish success to agricultural combinations in the interest of the labourers themselves? Some real well-wishers of the rural poor will say No to this inquiry. They argue that the abolition of payments in kind, which is sure to accompany a rise in wages, will be directly injurious to the labourer; that the universal substitution of contract for that modified form of tenure which now prevails will destroy good feeling between classes, and that the farmer will be compelled to employ fewer men at good wages instead of many men at low wages. The first of these objections is easily disposed of. Payments in kind are payments made in a currency which has no common or recognized value. It is the truck system in a modified form, and there is an overwhelming mass of evidence to show that the truck system, taken as a whole, is an injury to the workman. If employers coined their own silver, there would be some who, from anxiety to be strictly honest, or from a wish to deal generously by their men, would make their shillings worth threepence. But there would be a far larger number probably who would make them worth elevenpence halfpenny, and some who would think even this standard excessive. The same rule applies to the quality of the beer, or cider, or fuel, or grist corn, or whatever other "perquisites" are given in lieu of money. The labourer never knows what wages he has, and though he and his neighbours may have nominally the same, their real value will differ with different masters. This state of things has already very much interfered with the sympathy between classes which the absence of contract is supposed to carry with it. A continual suspicion of the quality of goods which he is obliged to

take naturally engenders ill-feeling on the part of the labourer; and, as he is given to be suspicious, this ill-feeling may easily exist where there is not cause for it as well as where there is. At all events, whether the anticipated change in the relation between agricultural labourers and their employers will or will not destroy the good feeling which is at present assumed to exist between them, the effect, whatever it is, must be produced as soon as the labourer wishes to bring such a change about. The enforced maintenance of the present relation would intensify, not avert, it. It used often to be said in the United States that the slave was on better terms with his owner than the free labourer with his master; but, whether this theory were true or false, it ceased to apply directly the slave wished to be set free. That an increased rate of wages may lead to an increased use of machinery is highly probable, and that the increased use of machinery may lead to the employment of fewer labourers at higher wages is possible. Even on the latter hypothesis, however, the condition of the labouring class must be ultimately benefited. It is better that a smaller number of Englishmen should find work at good wages at home, and that the remainder should make new homes for themselves in the colonies, than that the whole number should live in poverty at home. But the hypothesis of machinery reducing the number of labourers is not a probable one. The application of greater skill and more capital to farming may work fresh revolutions in agriculture; and high farming, when it comes to be greatly extended by the cessation of the conditions which made poor farming possible, may turn out to provide new openings for hand labour, in combination with machinery. There may of course be much distress in the interval; that is the inseparable accompaniment of great economical changes. But though we should do our best to remedy this distress in individual cases, it would be the extreme of sentimental short-sightedness to deprecate the process through which alone the passage to a better state of things can be effected.

However anxious we may be to see the condition of the agricultural labourer improved, it is impossible to dismiss all consideration of the effect which a rise in his wages, supposing it to be effected, would have upon other classes of the community. Neither the ruin of the tenant farmers, nor a large increase in the price of food—both which have been predicted as inevitable results of the strike—are pleasant contingencies to contemplate. It is clear that if every labourer is to be paid 16s. a week instead of 12s., the increase must come out of one of three pockets—the landlord's, the farmer's, or the consumer's. According to some reasoners, the landlord will not lower his rent, the farmer cannot be content with smaller profits, and consequently the consumer will have no choice but to pay more for his loaf. According to others, the landlord will not lower his rent, the consumer will not pay more for his loaf, and consequently, as the farmer cannot afford to make smaller profits, there will be nothing for him but ruin. Both these conclusions are based on wrong premises. It is true that the farmer cannot in the long run be content with smaller profits. Farming more and more requires capital, and when a man has capital he will naturally not continue in a business in which he cannot get an adequate return for it. So long as the farmer was only a somewhat higher class of labourer, he was forced to stick to the only trade of which he knew anything. It is different when, besides his skill, he has capital which he may employ in other ways. It is true again that the consumer will not pay more for his loaf, because the price of bread is determined by causes beyond the English producer's control. Russia and America can supply us with all the bread we require, and since the Corn Laws were repealed, the English farmer has never been able to sell his wheat for more than the price at which the foreign producer could supply wheat of the same quality. The least rise of price above this level would bring more foreign wheat into the English market, and the farmer would find his crop left on his hands, or would be obliged to let it go at the original price in order to undersell his foreign rival. In some cases he might take to market gardening, but the demand for this kind of produce is necessarily limited. In others again he might abandon the cultivation of cereals and take to stock farming. But the conversion of arable land into pasture is a process of which peculiarly favourable conditions of soil and situation are required. In the majority of cases, therefore, one of two things must happen. Either the farmer will find means to increase his profits without raising the price to the consumer, or the landlord must consent to lower his rent. The former process can be effected either by diminishing the cost of production and leaving the amount produced as it is, or by leaving the cost where it is and increasing the amount produced. If the farmer is put to it, he will probably be able to do something in both of these directions. He will resort to the use of machinery to a much greater extent than he has hitherto done. The impetus thus given to the trade in agricultural implements is certain to lead both to the invention of machines to do work which is at present done by hand, and to the cheapening of the processes by which the machines already invented are manufactured. The farmer will benefit by both these changes. He will be rendered more and more independent of his men by the first, while the second will make the independence of them which he has already achieved less costly. The habit of mind produced by the use of machinery, and the increased necessity for capital in the first instance, will make the farmer more and more of a scientific agriculturist, and a considerable increase of production may be looked for from the additional skill and knowledge which will be brought to bear on the soil. No doubt a certain class of old-fashioned farmers, with little capital and little power

of turning what they have to account, will suffer. But this is only what they must have done in any case. The small tenant-farmer as he has been known in this country, with neither the capital of the large farmer nor the energy and thrift of the peasant proprietor, is every day finding the conditions of modern industry less suited to him.

Let us suppose, however, that the farmer does not find means to increase his profits. The position in which he will then find himself will be, that after paying the cost of production, including a fair interest on his capital and fair remuneration of his own labour, there will be a smaller surplus available for the payment of his rent. This being so, rents must inevitably fall. The farmer will not engage in a business which will not return him interest on the money he has laid out, as well as a reward for the labour he has given in addition. Therefore, unless the landlord is content with what is left after these two conditions have been satisfied, he will find no one to take his land. It is conceivable, of course, that the landlords as a body might be just able to live on their present rents, and that, if these had to be reduced, they would be unable to let their lands, and would have to turn farmers themselves. But as English society is at present constituted there is no probability of any such result. English landowners are for the most part rich enough to stand a considerable fall of rents without serious inconvenience; and the demand for land is so great that those who are less well off will never find any difficulty in finding purchasers for their land, even under the less favourable conditions imposed by the new order of things. The peers, of whom Mr. Disraeli boasted the other day that they had an average income of 20,000*l.* each, would not be impoverished by a reduction of even 25 per cent. on their rentals. They would have 15,000*l.* a year left after their tenants had made all necessary deductions to meet the increased wages they had to pay. The great merchants and manufacturers who are buying land in all directions and creating a class of territorial magnates not less wealthy or influential than the older nobility, would find it equally easy to conform themselves to the requirements of their tenants. And beneath both classes are a large number of landowners to whom the necessity of taking lower rents might be annoying, but would not in any way be disastrous. Smaller men still might suffer, but they would suffer as men must who find society changing more rapidly than they are able to change with it, and as they would probably suffer in the long run even if rents were maintained at their present level.

LEGAL INFANTS.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY has brought in a Bill for the protection of infants, which does not, however, compete with Mr. Charley's attempted legislation with regard to baby-farming. The infants whom Mr. Henry has in view are not the wretched bantlings who are left on doorsteps wrapped up in copies of the *Daily Telegraph*, or sent in hampers by railways any side uppermost and not to be called for, or handed over to the tender mercies of nursing mothers who are willing to relieve parents of all responsibility for unwelcome offspring for a moderate consideration, and "no questions asked." The objects of Mr. Henry's solicitude are the interesting class of persons under twenty-one years of age who are regarded by the law as infants, and who, being, as Mr. Bright once said of the House of Lords, not very wise, are apt to suffer severely at the hands of bill-discounters, money-lenders, and other predatory professions. The Bill sets forth that, "Whereas money-lenders and others are accustomed to solicit and request infants to borrow money, whereby such infants are often defrauded and injured in their property," it is expedient to protect infants from these dangers. There are certainly precedents in English law for protecting exceptionally weak and helpless persons from injuries against which other people are left to protect themselves as best they can; and it must be admitted that the execrable imbecility of a large and apparently increasing number of boys about town entitles them to the most compassionate consideration. There are Truck Acts, Factory Acts, and other protective measures of the same kind; but Mr. Henry appears to have taken the idea of his Bill more especially from the enactment in the criminal law which defends the virtue of little girls. It is proposed that it shall be made a misdemeanour to solicit an infant to borrow money, either personally or by an agent, or by means of a letter, circular, or other notice; and that the offender shall be liable, on conviction before a couple of justices of the peace, to a fine of not more than 20*l.*, or imprisonment for not more than a month, with a further liability to forfeit 10*l.* to any informer who sues for the same, with the costs of the suit. It is also to be a misdemeanour to aid in soliciting an infant to accept a loan. The bond or other security given for such a loan will be deemed absolutely void for all purposes; and the money which may have been paid by an infant in order to obtain a loan may be recovered by him from the lender, with the full costs of the suit, in any Court of competent jurisdiction. Moreover, any infant who, after this law is passed, accepts a loan which has been offered to him, and who is foolish enough to pay back any part of it, may recover whatever he has repaid; and any promise to repay such a loan after the infant has come of full age will be considered invalid. Nor is this all. The infant is to have power to swindle the money-lenders to any extent with perfect impunity. No person, it is pro-

vided, shall be held civilly or criminally liable for any fraudulent representation or false statement made, or for any fraud committed by him during infancy, in order to induce a person to enter into a contract with him, and no contract shall be binding on him by reason of any fraudulent representation on his part.

The hare pursuing the sportsman is a familiar subject of caricature, and might be taken as the emblem of Mr. Henry's ingenious and highly original proposal. The pigeon is now to be equipped for a triumphant encounter with the rook, who will be placed absolutely at the mercy of his former victim, and may be plundered with impunity. It is obvious that if this Bill were to pass into law, and if the money-lending business did not instantly collapse, the infants would have a fine time of it. An infant might persuade a money-lender that he was over age, and when he had borrowed a sufficient sum he could turn round and snap his fingers at his credulous creditor, and then proceed to lay an information against him, and compel him to pay another 10*l.* for being handed over to justice. In order to encourage the money-lender the infant would of course take care to pay back instalments of the various loans, and these repayments could be afterwards recovered when the trick was disclosed. We have not heard whether this measure has as yet produced much excitement in money-lending circles. It is possible that the members of that profession may flatter themselves that they are more than a match for the infants, even when the latter are armed with such a formidable weapon as Mr. Henry's Bill. The practice of sending out circulars urging young men to borrow money is not only becoming an intolerable nuisance, but is productive of very mischievous results. It is annoying to people who have no desire to contract loans to be pestered with impertinent offers of advances; and human nature, in the hopeful mood in which it is usually to be observed in very young men, finds it difficult to resist pressing applications to make a free use of a generous money-lender's purse, especially when these solicitations coincide with a fresh appetite for enjoyments, a noble contempt for frugal expenditure, and general ignorance of the world. There is the temptation of the pleasures of life on the one hand, and the temptation of the free-handed usurer, with his extended coffer, on the other; and it is not perhaps surprising that this double pressure should be more than thoughtless youth is capable of resisting. The nuisance of money-lenders' circulars is one which might perhaps be checked by a simple enactment, although there would be some difficulty in proving who sent them out. An innocent person might be made to suffer for circulars maliciously issued in his name if the address on the letters was in itself to be taken as evidence that they came from him. We certainly cannot affect to feel any compassion for the money-lenders as a body, and we should be very glad if the infants upon whom they have so mercilessly preyed could now have their revenge. But Mr. Henry himself can hardly be serious in some of his proposals. Even if it were to be enacted that money-lenders who solicited young men under age to take loans should be punished, and should have no power to recover money thus advanced, it is obvious that the clause which we have quoted above, authorising infants to make false representations with impunity in order to induce any one to enter into a contract with them—a clause which, it must be observed, is in no way limited, and applies apparently to contracts of every kind—is a provision of a somewhat sweeping and dangerous character, and that the temptation which it might offer to thoughtless or unscrupulous young men would be more seriously demoralizing than the seductions of the bill-discounter's circular. It is also possible that legislation of this kind might have the effect of making infants more rash and reckless than ever; they might imagine that they were now protected on every side; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that when there is so keen a desire to borrow on the one side, and so much eagerness to do business on the other, some means will always be found of bringing supply and demand together, in accordance with the recognized rules of political economy.

It will perhaps occur to some that, while the Bill goes further than is likely to be of much practical use in one direction, it does not go far enough in another. As far as we can judge by the reports of cases which occasionally come before the law Courts and by what we hear in private, the depredations of the money-lenders are by no means the only dangers which infants, or rather infants' fathers, have to dread. We are under the impression that fashionable jewellers and tailors and horse-dealers are quite as fatal to young gentlemen with expectations as the regular bill-discounters. It is true no doubt that bills, under one disguise or another, are usually at the bottom of the infant's ruin; but the questions which the Courts have to decide are usually whether diamond earrings or emerald-mounted betting-books, or a pair of rat ponies, with Victoria to match, "fit for a lady," are "necessaries" for a young gentleman of eighteen or nineteen; and as the juries are apt to be composed of tradesmen, or people who sympathize with tradesmen, the verdict is almost invariably for the plaintiff. If infants are to be protected against money-lenders, it might be plausibly argued that they have at least as much need to be protected against the solicitations and frauds of unscrupulous shopkeepers. Assuming that the characteristic imbecility of infants is a sufficient ground for special legislation on their behalf as against bill-discounters, there are other dangers to which young gentlemen, as well as gentlemen who are not young, but who on coming of age have not ceased to be fools, appear to be exposed which also require attention. There are billiard-sharpers, card-sharpers, and, in a lower grade, skittle-

sharpers; there are betting-men, blacklegs, and welchers; there are the rogues who waylay simple-looking people with dropped rings or smuggled cigars; there is the benevolent horse-dealer who has a rare horse in a dark stable, and the amiable countryman who proposes a visit to a tavern in order that he may prove his confidence in you, whom he has never before seen, by entrusting you with his watch or purse, and who would be hurt if you did not display equal confidence in his honour by allowing him in turn to take your watch or purse outside the door. In fact when we come to think of it, it is hard to say where we can stop if we are going to legislate for the protection of all the infants and idiots in the world. Indeed, we are not quite sure whether there is not room for a Bill for the protection of youths under twenty-one years of age from the solicitations of mothers with daughters to marry. Society might perhaps be disposed to do more for the infant, if the infant would only keep himself more out of society. Every year the number of children who go out to dinners and dancing-parties, and who pervade the Clubs, seems to be increasing; but if a bargain could be struck that the infant should have legislative protection against his own idioey, on condition that he should cease to infest congregations of grown-up people, a good deal might be said in favour of it.

THE THEATRES.

AN attempt has been made to utilize for theatrical purposes the stores of observation of contemporary English life which are accumulated in the novels of Mr. Trollope. This successful writer for the closet seems to have modestly distrusted his power of pleasing on the stage, and accordingly he has obtained the assistance of Mr. Charles Reade in dramatizing the popular story of *Ralph the Heir*. The result of the joint labour of these two experienced authors, compared with the material on which they went to work, is like—if we may borrow a metaphor from Mr. Neeft's business—the alteration of a lady's riding-habit into a gentleman's dress-coat. A great quantity of cloth has been cut away, and the remainder has been entirely rearranged. The characters of Mr. Neeft and his daughter are retained, but little more than the names of any other personages in the story is produced in the drama, which is constructed with curious simplicity. It is desirable, or perhaps necessary, to bring all the characters upon the stage at nearly the same time, and this has been accomplished by extending Mr. Neeft's business so as to comprise the making of riding-habits for ladies as well as of hunting-breeches for gentlemen. Having got as far as this, it is easy to suppose that Miss Clarissa Underwood comes unattended by any chaperon to the shop to be measured in a private room by Mr. Moggs, who has been converted into Mr. Neeft's foreman; and there is an obvious opportunity for the foreman and book-keeper to "chaff" that young lady as to the department of the business to which she desires to give her order. It is remarkable that Mr. Trollope, who as a novelist is so invariably proper, and so perfectly adapted for family reading, should have assisted in imparting to the Gaiety Theatre of to-day a slight flavour of the Adelphi of thirty years ago. It is perhaps rather hard upon English managers that their French rivals should have a monopoly of *double-entendre*; and as Mr. Boucicault has enlarged the domain of incident, Mr. Trollope appears desirous to render a similar service to dramatists as regards allusion. It is, however, possible that the character of Mr. Neeft ought to be regarded as the joint production of Mr. Trollope and Mr. Charles Reade, and of Mr. Toole, who acts it; and if this be so, we need not be surprised at anything being said that can raise a laugh, however incongruous it may be with Mr. Trollope's usual style. Speaking for ourselves, we should prefer rather more of Mr. Neeft and rather less of Mr. Toole, but it is manifest that the majority of the audience are well content with what they get. It is a pity that the authors could not have bestowed a little more pains upon the structure of their play. Nothing can be more rude than the contrivance of bringing Mr. Neeft and party into one box and Sir Thomas Underwood and party into another box adjoining to it, in the garden of an hotel at Twickenham. We should not object to this clumsy expedient if anything amusing came of it, but this scene is the dullest part of the entertainment. There is, however, a pretty view of Twickenham, and dinner is eaten and champagne is drunk in the most lifelike manner by the parties in adjoining boxes. During the banquet news is brought of the death of the elder Newton, and a solicitor appears and formally requires Ralph the Heir to perform his agreement to sell his reversion to his illegitimate cousin Robert, whereupon Sir Thomas Underwood (formerly, as the playbill informs us, Attorney-General) favours the company in the two boxes with an exposition of the law of specific performance in equity of agreements. Nothing turns upon the ex-attorney-generalship of Sir Thomas Underwood, who is merely an elderly and rather feeble papa. Robert Newton expresses his anguish at hearing that Clarissa Underwood is to become "another's" in the familiar manner. This pair of lovers are mere nonentities, and as regards Ontario Moggs, he acts best, if we may so say, when he is out of sight, since he enables Neeft to warn Ralph that his rival has been "sneaking round," and is in earnest pursuit of Polly, if he (Ralph) is not. The greater part, and perhaps the best part, of Mr. Trollope's descriptions of the sayings and doings of young gentlemen and ladies is too fine and impalpable for dramatic use. Attempts to act what he has written must usually become insipid

or grotesque, but in this story the two characters of Neefit and Polly easily adapt themselves to the stage. Nothing can be better in its way than the scene where Neefit proposes to Ralph to make love to Polly, unless it be Polly's own reception of Ralph's advances:—"Oh, as for talking," says she, "you can talk. You've been brought up that way. You've had nothing else much to do."

The manager of the Princess's Theatre has turned to account the prevailing interest in Australia which has been excited by the Tichborne case. We believe that at this moment a view of Wagga Wagga would make the fortune of any piece into which it might be introduced. But Mr. Byron in the drama which he calls *Haunted Houses* has only sought variety of sensational incidents by sending some of his characters across the ocean and through the bush. It is, we suppose, a tribute to the eminence of Mr. J. Clarke in his particular department that he twice narrowly escapes death in the course of the play, and saves the heroine from imminent peril at the close of it. The success of Mr. Byron's change of what lawyers call the "venue" to Australia may perhaps suggest to other authors the propriety of conducting to fresh fields and pastures new a public which has become jaded with such sensational incidents as may be got out of home life. Now that Mr. Charles Reade has had some experience as an adapter of novels to the stage, he should try his hand on that wonderful story which he based upon a trial held a few years ago at the Old Bailey. We are quite sure that his door will be beset by competing managers when our present suggestion becomes known to them. Crowded houses for twelve months would be the least result of an adequate improvement of this magnificent opportunity. Mr. Byron merely causes a ship to sink on a fine summer's evening in order that his drama may keep afloat, but Mr. Reade would bring before his audience the Plot! the Execution!! and the Discovery!!! Imagination becomes inflamed at the contemplation of this tremendous and unparalleled effect. *Semper ego auditor tantum!* The critic may ask himself why should not he abandon the cold and cheerless place of observation and taste the exciting joys of authorship. Combine the stores of romance which have been accumulating for ages with the mechanical resources possessed by the present generation, and you produce with ease and certainty of success a series of dramas of intense and absorbing interest. A company of ordinary actors, and a liberal expenditure upon scenery and properties, will ensure a career of uninterrupted prosperity. There would of course be some preliminary love-making in Australia, and then the young lady would take ship for England, while her lover, a convict who has been found guilty on a false charge, manages to disguise himself and obtain a passage in the same vessel. We should next see the mate of the ship, like an aquatic Guy Fawkes, at work by the light of a single candle among the cargo in the hold, boring the ship's bottom with an auger, and inserting plugs so as to be able to admit a regulated supply of water slightly in excess of the pumping power of the crew. This process would be secretly watched by the convict, who would peep from behind a bale of goods, and indicate by emphatic gestures his purpose of defeating villany and rescuing youth and beauty from a watery grave. There is enough in Mr. Reade's novel to supply almost all the literary work that would be needed. The discovery of the ship's peril, the panic of the crew, and their rush to the boats would all be transacted amid hurried music, which would render anything that anybody might say unintelligible—an arrangement which both author and critics might find convenient. A new and, as we venture to think, beautiful and admirable effect might be produced by making the ship rise and fall with the motion of the waves, so as to exhibit the holes by which the water had been admitted which is sinking her. A little fragment of wood protruding from a hole, so as to suggest that the mate had been lately busy with his auger, might be worth hundreds of pounds to the treasury of the theatre. These are the slight but effective touches by which the artist of genius is distinguished from the merely tradesmanlike manufacturer of sensation. The young lady would probably be in her cabin when the alarm was given, and might be engaged, let us say, in the contemplation of her father's miniature. Her convict lover would urgently but respectfully entreat admission, and after short parley would take her round the waist, and, supporting his lovely burden with one arm, would use the other to help his ascent on deck, where the extent of her danger and his devotion would be revealed. The boats perhaps would have pushed off, and he would make frantic gestures of entreaty to the crew to return and rescue the lady. Between the motion of the ship and the complication of the lady's skirts the task of saving her life without sacrificing propriety would be difficult; but she would be dragged into the boat, which would push off instantly to escape the eddy of the sinking ship, while her lover would have to trust to his strong limbs and his stout heart to save his life by swimming. As he reached the boat exhausted and was lifted into it the curtain would descend amid prolonged and renewed applause, and the manager would feel that he had his playbill in type for a year to come. The adventures of the lovers on the island to which Mr. Reade conducts them would supply opportunities which the scene-painter would not neglect, and we may venture to hope that the ballet-master of the theatre would remember that the bodily activity of the young lady, on which the author much insists, would be most effectually and agreeably developed by his assistance.

Taking this expansive and radiant view of the possibilities of the sensational drama, we regard with impatience its actualities as

exhibited in the *Miser's Daughter* at the Adelphi. We have no emotion to expend upon such time-worn incidents as the escape of a Jacobite conspirator over house-tops, pursued by soldiers of a Hanoverian King. There is an old saying that, if you want to ruin a thing, you should put a sentry over it; and we might with equal truth remark that, if you want to ensure a criminal's escape, you should send a company of foot-guards in full uniform and fixed bayonets to arrest him. Have we not seen in those Irish dramas which so strangely fascinate the English mind a whole regiment swept away by an old woman with a besom? We care little for the "Folly" on the Thames, and less for the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, even though a remarkably clumsy scoundrel commits a murder there. Let us burst all links of habit, let us wander far away, and carry our scene-painter and costumier to the summer isles of the Pacific. The latter artist, we may remark, will need to take only a limited stock-in-trade with him. The slave trade, under another name, exists in Polynesia, and vessels of the British navy are in the habit of giving what are called "lessons" to islanders who confound missionaries with kidnappers. The shelling of a village by a man of war is a subject which might deserve to be taken in hand by the same liberal manager who ordered two halfpenny squibs for his eruption of Vesuvius. A Jew who had dealt in old clothes at Wapping might easily be led by his commercial instinct as far as Fiji, where he might become Chancellor of the Exchequer to his Majesty the King of the Cannibal Islands, or might head the constitutional Opposition which objects to pork, and desires to maintain the ancient and laudable custom of banqueting on human flesh. When every land and sea is open to our sensational dramatists, we are entitled to complain if they confine themselves within the four miles radius of Charing Cross.

REVIEWS.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

A FRESH instalment of M. Guizot's History of France, which we in England are tempted to speak of by the familiar and honoured name of *Tales of a Grandfather*, has now appeared, and the first volume of the work is thus complete, bringing us down to the accession of Philip of Valois, and leaving us on the brink of the French and English wars. The new portion quite comes up to the expectations excited by the few sheets which have already been noticed in these columns. The style is as clear and easy as before, and the subject-matter is of increased interest. Perhaps it is because they awaken reminiscences of *Cæsar De Bello Gallico* that, except for the pathetic tale of Vercingetorix, we always find the Gauls rather dull, while the Franks, barbarians who had lost, if they ever possessed, barbaric virtues without replacing them by those of civilization, are little better than unreadable until light breaks in with the Great Charles. And even then, "this German warrior," as M. Guizot very honestly calls him, does not in reality belong to France, which was as yet without form and void, seething in the general chaos of Roman, Celt, and Teuton. It is with the house of Robert the Strong and the gallant resistance of Paris to the Northmen that we first begin to see France waking to life.

As has been already remarked, M. Guizot's History is, according to our ideas, hardly one for children, unless French children are much cleverer than English ones. The reader requires some previous knowledge of the course of events to fit him for appreciating it, the more so as the arrangement is not strictly chronological, but rather according to subjects, the Crusades being pursued from their "origin" through their "success" and their "decline" to their end, as one complete history, after which we are sent back again to Louis VI., from thence to trace the progress of "la Royauté française." The long political disquisitions, which to a grown-up reader form the most interesting part, are, if not beyond the comprehension, yet certainly beyond the patience, of children. It is true that M. Guizot assures us that he found his grandchildren understood him even when he was led to general considerations and deep studies of characters:—

J'en ai fait l'épreuve dans le tableau du règne et le portrait du caractère de Charlemagne; les deux grands desseins de ce grand homme, qui a réussi dans l'un et échoué dans l'autre, ont été, de la part de mes jeunes auditeurs, l'objet d'une attention très-soutenue et d'une compréhension très-nette. Les jeunes esprits ont plus de portée qu'on n'est enclin à le présumer, et peut-être les hommes feraient-ils bien quelquefois d'être aussi sérieux dans leur vie que les enfants le sont dans leurs études.

Teaching by word of mouth is, however, a very different matter from teaching out of a book. Given a competent narrator, and it is wonderful what children will listen to, and even, as the author remarks, follow with keen interest. We have no doubt that M. Guizot's audience did, as he describes, hang on his lips, and thoroughly take in his meaning; but the results may not be the same when ordinary children are set down to read the book without the advantage of having the historian in person to give it life. More dash and vigour, more description, more story, as children say, are required to make a book popular with young people; and M. Guizot is rather a philosophical than a descriptive historian.

* *L'Histoire de France, depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789. Racontée à mes Petits-Enfants.* Par M. Guizot. Tome premier. Illustré de 75 gravures dessinées sur bois par Alph. de Neuville. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1872.

Considering the work without reference to any special class of readers for which it may have been intended, its interest will be found to lie, not so much in the actual facts narrated, which are sufficiently familiar, as in the passages which deal with cause and effect, and in the general sketches of political development. The book is in truth rather a succession of essays connected by a slight chain of history, and it is for these that it will be read. The French language has the advantage of being admirably adapted for composition of this description. We are vain enough to believe that our own tongue surpasses it in a kind of Biblical majesty and in dramatic vigour, but in the power of putting things neatly and crisply, and of making them clear to the mind, there can be no question as to the special fitness of French. The subject of chivalry is one which is particularly well treated, the pitfalls on either hand being skilfully avoided. On the one side there is, or perhaps rather was, the school whose "heroes were striplings in armour," and "heroines damsels in white," which took chivalry at its own valuation and believed in all knightly virtues. On the other there is the school which, seeing only the crimes of the middle ages, regards chivalry either as utter humbug or, with Arnold, as the spirit of Anti-Christ himself. M. Guizot takes what we think a very fair course between these two extremes. The *moyen âge*, he truly says, was a brutal and coarse period, lawless, licentious, and violent, but at the same time some shadowy idea of better things was afloat. Look back to the Homeric heroes, they are apparently satisfied with themselves, and the not very elevated standard of virtue to which they have attained; "rien dans leur âme ne surpasse les faits de leur vie"; while in medieval France, full as it was of disorder and crime, men yet cherished lofty ideas of virtue and justice; "un certain idéal moral plane au-dessus de cette société grossière, orageuse, et attire les regards, obtient les respects des hommes dont la vie n'en reproduit guère l'image." Theory and practice, in short, were, as they usually are, very far apart; but it was a great thing that there should be such a theory. The type of the perfect Christian knight was, in the opinion of contemporaries, realized in the person of Tancred, the gallant Crusader whom Tasso made famous as the lover of Clorinda and the beloved of Erminia. Fantastic and sentimental as is the hero in the Italian poem, he nevertheless preserves the lofty and unworldly character of his original. Surpassing the young in his skill in arms, the old in the gravity and sobriety of his manners, scorning to speak ill of any one even in retaliation, and knowing no passion but that of glory, the accomplished warrior was nevertheless much exercised in mind by a religious difficulty such as we are apt to think characteristic only of modern times. The Gospel, so he reflected, "nous invite à donner notre tunique et notre manteau à celui qui vient nous en dépoûiller; l'obligation du chevalier est d'enlever tout ce qui reste à celui à qui il a déjà pris sa tunique et son manteau." These contradictory principles chilled Tancred's warlike ardour, until he at last found a way of satisfying both the religious and military sides of his nature by going on the Crusade—a resource no longer open to the perplexed, although the difficulty of reconciling the evangelical precept with the exigencies of actual life has not much diminished.

Another passage deserving of attention is the account of the feudal system, and the reasons for the bitter hatred with which it is regarded in France. In England we have no such vivid remembrance of it, simply because feudalism was always kept down in this country. William the Conqueror and Henry of Anjou held it well in hand, and it is because we saw so little of it that the word has no evil sound in our ears. In France, where they knew better what it was, it has ever been odious to the public mind, and this antipathy does not date merely from the great Revolution. Go back as far as you will, the feudal system has ever been considered by the mass of the population as a deadly enemy, and every one who has struck at it has been popular. The cause of this hatred is not wholly to be sought in the sufferings of the people under the feudal régime—"le malheur n'est pas ce que détestent et redoutent le plus les peuples." So, at least, says M. Guizot, though we are inclined to think that miseries such as those portrayed with such terrible power in Erckmann-Chatrin's *Histoire d'un Paysan* are sufficient to explain and to justify the general detestation. The peculiarly odious nature of feudalism as it affected the mass of the people is, however, forcibly brought out. It was not the despotism of a single man, which, though inevitably demoralizing in the long run, may be endurable, nay, even welcome, at the moment, if it gives order and peace; it was not the despotism of an aristocratic body, which can hardly be as capricious and arbitrary as a single ruler; but it united the most obnoxious elements of both. It was a collection of individual despotisms wielded by isolated aristocrats, who had, indeed, duties and rights towards each other, but who possessed each man an arbitrary and absolute power over his subjects. The despot was not the Lord's Anointed, with a religious claim to respect; neither was he one of Mr. Carlyle's "Kings of Men," ruling by right of being the only person competent to rule. He was merely one of a class, able to protect himself, but not to ensure his dependents against the attacks of his neighbour tyrants. A ruler who lets nobody but himself oppress his people may be endured, but the feudal baron had not even that recommendation:—

Le despotisme était là comme dans les monarchies pures, le privilège comme dans les aristocraties les plus concentrées; et l'un et l'autre s'y produisaient sous la forme la plus offensante et la plus crue, si je puis ainsi parler: le despotisme ne s'atténua point par l'éloignement et l'élevation

d'un trône; le privilège ne se voilait point dans la majesté d'un grand corps: l'un et l'autre appartenait à un homme toujours présent et toujours seul, toujours voisin de ses sujets, et jamais appelé, en traitant de leur sort, à s'en-tourer de ses égaux.

We must notice, by the way, the spirit with which this idea has been caught by the artist in a vignette representing the *Seigneur* issuing from his castle with his retainers behind him. The hard, indifferent bearing of the armed and mounted noble, the looks of fear without respect cast on him by the wretched peasants who turn out of his road, are admirably expressed.

On the other hand, M. Guizot, with laudable impartiality, points out that when we turn from the subjects to the masters, we see that feudalism had its merits, that in many respects it was a good training, and at any rate paved the way for something better. It will perhaps occasion some surprise to find that he devotes the greater part of a chapter to the Norman Conquest of England; a great and glorious achievement, the work, so he says, like the Crusades, of feudal chivalry and Christianity combined. The effect it had upon the future history of France is, however, sufficient justification for the space which it occupies, and the tale is told with spirit, William's character being hit off in a few words—"dur sans haine et élément sans bonté." The consequences which the Norman Conquest had for France and for England are also exceedingly well brought out, though the passage was evidently written before recent events. M. Guizot speaks, as one who has had experience, of that rivalry of France and England which sprang from the long wars between them, and of the ever-increasing necessity of establishing "a policy of mutual equity and peace in place of a policy of hostile regulations and continuous opposition":—

J'ai assisté, dans le cours de ma vie, mes enfants [he adds], à ces deux politiques: j'ai vu la politique d'hostilité systématique entre la France et l'Angleterre pratiquée par l'empereur Napoléon I^{er}, avec autant d'habileté et d'éclat qu'elle en pouvait avoir, et je l'ai vue aboutir au plus grand désastre qu'ait jamais essuyé la France.

The rivalry with England seems now to be an old story, forgotten in the newer rivalry with another and a harsher foe; and the disaster in which the first Napoleon's policy culminated has been overshadowed by that which his nephew has brought upon the land he ruled.

As might be expected from the historian of the English Civil Wars, M. Guizot traces with interest the effect which the Norman Conquest had upon the constitution of our own country, and shows how in the end, by the triumph of their language and of their ancient freedom, "the English conquered their conquerors." The great advantage of England over France lay, as he admits, in the fact that it always preserved the tradition of freedom. Patriots in England never thought that they were winning their liberties; they were only preserving and securing them. On the other hand, the Romanized Gauls had nothing to lose—"point de pouvoir fort, point de liberté vivace; les classes inférieures en servitude, les classes moyennes ruinées, les classes supérieures avilies"; and their conquerors, Goth, Frank, and Burgundian, were disorganized barbarians, who could bring them nothing but anarchy. France, says M. Guizot, or a party in France, as we should rather say, has ever been seeking for free government under the form of constitutional monarchy, and has failed to attain it, because it had no ancient foundations to build upon. To obtain even that "modest amount of internal order without which society could not subsist," France has been constantly forced to have recourse to Royal authority and an almost absolute monarchy. M. Guizot however concludes, after the manner of his countrymen, hopefully. Before the Revolution the difference between the political fates of France and of England might have been a melancholy subject of contemplation for a Frenchman; but now it is another matter:—"Les progrès de l'égalité sociale et les lumières de la civilisation ont précédé en France la liberté politique; elle en sera plus générale et plus pure." These words were written in 1823; but M. Guizot in 1870 declares himself to feel the same confidence in the future of his country, and, as a patriot is in duty bound to hope all things and believe all things, we have no doubt that he feels it still. Foreign observers, however, are well nigh weary of waiting for this brilliant future, which seems as much as ever an object for the exercise of faith.

We shall look forward with interest to the veteran statesman and historian's account of the French and English wars. That spirit-stirring drama in which the Black Prince and Bertrand du Guesclin, Henry V., and the Maid of Orleans play their parts is a tale of which neither nation need be ashamed. If we are proud of the dazzling though short-lived successes which our knights and yeomen, fighting side by side without fear or jealousy, obtained over arrogant and undisciplined feudal nobles, the French have equal cause to be proud of that spirit of nationality which Joan of Arc, "inspired of God," as M. Guizot boldly describes her, called forth with the sacrifice of her own life, and which enabled them to shake off the foreign yoke.

We have already, in passing, mentioned one of the designs by M. A. de Neuville with which the book is profusely illustrated. They rouse a certain feeling of envy in us. Why can French artists draw men who stand on their legs and know what to do with their arms, or rather why is it that our artists are so apt to fail in these requisites? Why are French woodcuts clear and vigorous, when English vary between being smooth and weak, or scratchy and confused? We do not mean to say that none of these illustrations are open to criticism. Some of them are exaggerated, and too suggestive of

scenes in an opera; and a few err, as French pictures often do, on the side of horror. We protest especially against that of the execution of Enguerrand de Marigny upon the gibbet of Mont-faucon. A mediæval Fairchild family might have derived edification from contemplating five hanged men in various stages of decomposition with carrion crows hovering about; but the mere picture is enough to afflict a child of these more sensitive modern days with bad dreams. So, again, it is unpleasant enough to know that Richard Cœur de Lion had on one day some thousands of Mussulman prisoners beheaded, without being presented with a lively portrayal of the event. As a rule, the vignettes surpass the more ambitious full-page engravings, but of these latter two may be noticed as particularly good; the one representing the moment of the famous question, "Who made you a count?" and the *tu quoque* retort, "Who made you a king?" the other illustrating the story of St. Louis looking at the bread distributed by his orders in alms, and observing, as if with a feeling of self-reproach, "C'est d'assez dur pain."

BAIN'S FIRST ENGLISH GRAMMAR.*

DR. BAIN is Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen, and his name is well known as the author of works on the more abstruse branches of mental science. But we did not know him as one who had come down from those heights to the humbler processes of grammar. It seems however that, though this book is designed as a "First English Grammar," it is not the first English Grammar that Dr. Bain has written. We do not know to what heights his "Higher English Grammar" might lead us, but we should judge from this "First Grammar," this "Elementary Grammar," which is to prepare the way for the larger and complete works, that they must soar very high indeed into the cloud-land of metaphysics. Dr. Bain seems to have forgotten that those who begin the study of grammar have but seldom the years or the tastes of a Professor of Logic, and that much will be dark, dull, and dry to them which is clear and captivating to the author of treatises on the Emotions and the Will. Dr. Bain "omits entirely one division of grammar," and he chooses for his omission exactly that "division" which is most useful and most attractive to those for whom he is writing. The division which he omits entirely is no other than that of "Derivation." Now whence language comes and whither it goes is a subject which it is easy to clothe with all the interest of a tale or a sport. If "Derivation" is taught with any kind of truth and life, beginners in grammar delight in it. But Dr. Bain tells us presently with professorial dignity that "Grammar is a science or nothing. It has the outward form of a science, and its difficulties spring out of its scientific character." Now we have not the least notion whether grammar, as we are used to look on it, would or would not be looked on as "a science" in the eyes of Dr. Bain; so we are quite ready to take the other chance of its being looked on as "nothing." But we must let Dr. Bain explain himself:—

The chief peculiarity in the plan of the present work lies in anticipating the unavoidable difficulties of the subject by a previous handling of certain elementary notions (belonging to all science), without which no one can hope to understand the scope or method of Grammar. This preparatory portion explains, by the help of familiar instances, first, the meanings of Individual, General, Abstract, Class, Genus, Species, Co-ordinate, Subordinate, and Definition; secondly, the constituents of a Preposition, and the kinds of Prepositions; and lastly, the Sentence, from which are evolved the Parts of Speech.

Here is one crumb of comfort for us. If Dr. Bain succeeds in beating the scientific meaning of the word "individual" into his pupils' heads, there will be less fear of their using it as a vulgar synonym for "man." But one error runs through this sentence, as through the whole of Dr. Bain's book. Grammar is undoubtedly a science, and it cannot be successfully dealt with except according to a scientific method. That is to say, the teacher or writer must follow a scientific method in his own classifications and arrangements. But it does not follow that he must needs expound every detail of his method to beginners at the very threshold; still less that he need burden them with a mass of uncouth abstract terms, which may no doubt convey an idea to a practised metaphysician, but which a beginner in grammar, if he keeps them in his head at all, will keep only by an arbitrary act of the memory. Fancy the unhappy beginner in grammar who, when he comes to the harmless preposition *of*, is set to study its "partitive," its "attributive," and its "reference" meaning. Surely one who is so skilful as Dr. Bain in devising hard words might have hit on something with an adjective ending to express this last, whatever it is, instead of using the substantive "reference" in this awkward way. But Dr. Bain is not satisfied with making his victims learn the names "partitive," "attributive," and "reference"; they are further to try to understand them, and we feel sure that in the attempt so to do anybody short of a Professor of Logic at Aberdeen would get a sad headache for his pains. It seems that when we speak of "the Mayor of London"—and we presume of the Provost of Aberdeen also—we are using "of" in its "partitive meaning." "In such phrases as—The Mayor of London, London is viewed as a whole—houses, streets, people, institutions—and the Mayor is part of that whole." Who was it who tried, but tried in vain, to reach to a perfectly abstract and philosophical

conception of a Lord Mayor? Dr. Bain also has evidently tried, but we cannot say that he has not succeeded. For us the "partitive meaning" of a Lord Mayor is too deep, but surely the civic potentate is set below his proper place when he is put on a level with "the trunk of the elephant" and "the leg of the table," both of which, it seems, are cases of the partitive meaning, of being "used to relate [*sic*] the part of anything to the whole." In the "Attributive meaning," *of* is used to connect an abstract property or quality with the concrete—the breadth of the road; the clearness of the sky; the meekness of the dove." Here Dr. Bain tells his beginners that "breadth," "clearness," "meekness," are not actual parts of the road, the sky, the dove; but abstract qualities, named by abstract nouns." Meekness is not an actual part of the dove, but the Lord Mayor is an actual part of the City. All that comes home to us is that we suppose that we have been using the preposition *of* in a "partitive" and an "attributive," and, for aught we know, in a "reference" meaning also, for a great many years without knowing it. But we are more concerned with what goes a little before:—

The prepositions—*of*, *to*, *for*, *from*, *by*, *with*—express meanings that were given in the classical languages by case-endings.

Now this is really provoking. A golden opportunity is thrown away of setting forth the whole history of the matter. Why the "classical languages" only? If Dr. Bain's beginners are advanced enough to be told about the classical languages—we should say, if they are advanced enough to puzzle their brains with "partitive" and "attributive"—they are surely advanced enough to learn something about the history of their own language. It is with beginners that impressions are most lasting, and therefore the greater pains should be taken to convey to them no impressions but such as are perfectly accurate. Now Dr. Bain's readers or hearers would be very likely to go away with the belief that case-endings are a thing which the classical languages keep wholly to themselves, and with which English and its fellows have nothing to do. It is plain that Dr. Bain has, after all, some notion of the history of the preposition of which he is talking, for he says very truly, "The original import of this root was 'proceeding from,' which easily led to the meaning now most generally signified—namely, 'belonging to.'" Of course, whenever we suggest the historical study of language from the very beginning, we are met for the ten thousandth time with the objection that what we propose would be too hard for a beginner—that is, we suppose, for a child. This objection always comes from those who do not know that what seems hard to a teacher who has himself been badly taught is quite easy to a child who has not been taught at all. And as for hardness, no one need talk about that under the cold shade of Dr. Bain's metaphysics. If we took a child of reasonable sharpness, and showed him the case-endings in Ulfilas—the datives plural, for instance, with their long tails—and then showed him the endings in the same cases in Old-English, in modern High German, and the small vestiges of them in modern English, we believe that he would find it a great deal easier, and a great deal more interesting, than to be talked to by Dr. Bain about "partitive," "attributive," and "reference" meanings.

The odd thing is that, though Dr. Bain throws aside such opportunities as this for putting his subject in the most attractive and instructive point of view, it is plain that he is not ignorant that there is such a point of view, and that he does not look on it as wholly foreign to his subject. He has a head of "Inflexion," where, if nowhere else, one would expect to find some slight notice of the history of the language and its relation to other languages. Nothing of the sort is given in any systematic form, but scattered up and down the chapter are little references to "nouns of Anglo-Saxon origin." We are told that "best" is contracted from Anglo-Saxon '*bet-est*,' and, less accurately, that among ways of forming the plural, "adding *en* to the singular" was the prevailing mode in Anglo-Saxon." Now if the beginner is fit to be talked to, not only about "classical languages," but also about "Anglo-Saxon," by fits and starts, it is plain that he is fit to have the real history of his native tongue clearly set before him. Or rather, incidental references of this kind would seem to imply that those who are to use the book have already taken some steps in philology. But the book is for beginners, it is "a First Grammar," an "Elementary Grammar," "preparing the way for the larger and complete works." And moreover it is a Grammar which omits entirely one division of grammar—"Derivation." Yet here we have just enough derivation to make any one ask for more. And as Dr. Bain's readers—readers of a First and Elementary Grammar—are expected to understand references to the "classical languages" and derivations from the "Anglo-Saxon," it would seem that he looks on comparative philology as something which is to be mastered at a stage of the study of grammar earlier than the beginning.

If indeed Dr. Bain's fashion of teaching grammar is to be the beginning, we cannot say that we object to the arrangement which places philology before the beginning. At all events the understanding ought to have reached its most highly matured state before it is set to work on "Co-ordinating" and "Subordinating Conjunctions," of which the "Co-ordinating" are either "Cumulative," "Adversative," or "Illative," while the "Adversative" again are either "Arrestive," "Exclusive," or "Alternative." We can make something out of all this by the help of Dr. Bain's examples. When we are told that "the strong form of opposition given in the word 'But'" makes an "Arrestive Adversative

* A First English Grammar. By Alexander Bain, LL.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

Coordinating Conjunction," we get some faint idea of an "Arrestive Adversative Coordinating Conjunction," but our ideas of the word "But," and "the strong form of opposition given in" it, are in no way enlarged or made clearer. But conceive a beginner set to make his way through all these break-tooth words. Conceive his being burdened and tormented with "the Coordinating Relative of Persons," the "Coordinating Relative of Things," and "the Relative of Restriction, for both Persons and Things." Elsewhere Dr. Bain tells us that *Snowdon* and *Paradise* are "singular and meaningless nouns." We must confess that "Arrestive, Adversative, Coordinating Conjunction" sounds to us a very singular and a very meaningless group of adjectives; but what can Dr. Bain mean by applying those names to *Snowdon*, *Paradise* and a crowd of other proper names? We can hardly fancy that a Professor of Logic can himself really believe that proper names are in their origin meaningless; but his way of talking might easily lead a beginner to fancy so. And one or two sentences really look as if he thought so himself:—

"Snowdon" is the peculiar and exclusive name of a certain mountain. The name "Snowdon" is not significant—it is meaningless; it might have been given to a river, to a country, or to a horse.

Now surely it is a great thing that beginners should be taught that no proper name is really meaningless. It may be meaningless to us, but, if so, it is simply because the meaning is to be found in a foreign language or in an obsolete stage of our own. But *Snowdon* is eminently a name of another class; it is a name which is still descriptive in our own language; the name of *Snow-down* could be given only to a hill; it could not "have been given to a river, or a country, or a horse." Are we to suppose that Dr. Bain would say that the name *Blackwater* could have been given to a mountain, or does he fail to see that *Snowdon* is as much a descriptive name as *Blackwater*? It may be that one who "omits entirely one division of grammar—Derivation" may really fail to see that *down*, *down*, *don*, *down*, are all the same ending. But if derivation is omitted, poetry might have helped him. *Snowdon* is not "the peculiar and exclusive name of a certain mountain." There are at least two other heights in the Isle of Britain—probably several more—which bear the name, besides the more famous one in Caernarvonshire. And one of these at least ought to be known in Dr. Bain's part of the world. Can it be that a Professor of Aberdeen has never heard that

Snowdon's Knight was Scotland's King?

Other proper names are treated in the same manner; but it is perhaps enough to add that Dr. Bain seems to look on the following sentence as English, or at least whatever language is spoken at Aberdeen:—"They say that the Prince leaves this to-morrow; would you have believed it?"

MEMOIR OF JOSHUA PARRY.*

THE life of a Nonconformist pastor in a small country town, how great soever his local repute or private worth, can scarcely be thought to promise much material for awakening the interest of the public after a century of repose. Nor is there much either in the private incidents of his career or in its points of contact with men and things at large to satisfy the curiosity of those who may be moved by the sight of a good-sized volume, going so far back into the past, to ask who or what was the Rev. Joshua Parry resuscitated in this Memoir. It may be that a keener ambition or a lot in life more imperatively urging him to exertion might have led to his achieving a place amongst the divines and thinkers of his time more in accordance with his undoubted abilities. As it is, however, there is quite enough of value in the literary remains now brought to light to make us regret the comparative oblivion under which one well fitted to make his mark upon the theological belief and philosophical thought of his age has so long been suffered to lie.

The subject of this Memoir came of an old and respectable stock long connected with the Welsh Border. Memorial brasses of members of the Parry family, far back in the sixteenth century, are found in more than one church in the counties of Hereford and Brecon, and the handsome tomb of Henry Parry, Bishop of Worcester, who died December 12, 1626, is to be seen in excellent preservation in his own cathedral. At what time or under what influences the family connexion with the Church of England was severed we fail to learn. At Llangham, in the county of Pembroke, where Joshua Parry was born June 17, 1719 (O. S.), his great-grandfather held so much property, added to estates in the neighbouring county of Carmarthen, as to be popularly called thereabouts "owner of the whole world." The family domain, however, had sadly dwindled from this fabulous vastness by the third generation, having had to undergo the process of subdivision amongst twenty-one children, of whom Joshua was one of the younger sons. Losing both father and mother in infancy, he was brought up under an excellent classical tutor, Mr. Davis, at Haverfordwest. At what period he left his native county was not known to his grandson and biographer, but from a note in Sir J. Hawkins's

* A Memoir of the Rev. Joshua Parry, Nonconformist Minister of Cirencester. With some Original Essays and Correspondence, by the late Charles Henry Parry, F.R.S. Edited by Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., Recorder of Warwick. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1872.

Life of Johnson, we learn that Joshua Parry was one of a knot of promising young men at the academy of Mr. John Eames, in Moorfields, maintained by Dissenters for the supply of candidates for the ministry. Eames, besides being well known as the friend, correspondent, and assistant of Newton, had been the continuator of the abridgment of the *Philosophical Transactions* by Jones and Lowthorp, and turned out many pupils who became distinguished in science and letters. The knowledge acquired by these teeming young brains was poured out, we are told, as fast in letters to the *Gentleman's Magazine* upon mathematics and other branches of science, or polite literature in general. Among those whose friendship young Parry formed thus early were Canton, afterwards known for his discoveries in magnetism and electricity, and as the friend of Franklin; Collinge, a good Greek scholar, besides being the inventor of artificial magnets; Densham, an excellent mathematician, and Haworth, the compiler of *Cook's Voyages*, and coadjutor of Johnson. With Mr. Ryland, a merchant in Moorfields, a relative of Haworth, and one of the nine members of the Beefsteak Club formed by Johnson, Parry resided in 1738. As early as this he is seen to have been engaged in literary pursuits, and contributing under assumed names to the periodicals of the day. In a letter dated soon after this time, he speaks in a somewhat light vein of the Methodists, who were just then springing up, as a "sort of religious knight-errantry." The missionary efforts of their founder are described as "the achievements of a renowned champion of theirs, the very mirror of knighthood, who has traversed a great part of the globe in search of adventures." But "whether this dreaming of giants, monsters, distressed damsels, and enchanted castles, this marvellous and sublime in temper and conduct, is not likely to bring contempt on common sense and plain honesty," he leaves to be determined by all able divines and moralists. That Parry was Arminian rather than Calvinistic in his doctrinal tendencies, and of social rather than ascetic temperament, would appear from the report of Mr. Williams, a London minister, who, writing in February 1742, after Parry had acted for a year as minister at Midhurst in Sussex, describes him "as a most agreeable preacher, who from the courteousness and affability of his behaviour is suited to any station." He was thought to show undue levity when, being wished by Doddridge much of the presence of God in his chapel, he laughed and said, "Why, doctor, that's everywhere!"

In March 1742 Parry took up his ministry at Cirencester, whence no solicitations, however flattering, could induce him to move for the rest of his life. By many friends of influence and judgment, Haworth among the number, he was urged to betake himself to London, to enter the ministry of the Church, or to devote his talents to literary undertakings on a large scale. Disclaiming in his replies the love of applause or the desire of publicity, he was content with the sphere of usefulness afforded by his pulpit, or by the journals of the day in which he found an utterance for his opinions upon political and social, no less than literary, themes. Those were the palmy days of the controversy on the nature and origin of virtue and vice. Cudworth's eternal and immutable morality, having superseded the utilitarian doctrines of Hobbes, and having been supplemented in the scheme of Clarke and Price by the assertion of the existence in the understanding of the simple and necessary ideas of right and wrong, fit and unfit, had of late given way to Hutcheson's theory of the moral sense, the intuitive or instinctive acknowledgment of ideas or actions as in themselves essentially good or evil. Of the moral sense Mr. Parry avowed himself from the first an ardent champion. Extracts from his correspondence or from manuscript fragments dating from this period indicate the share he took in the controversy. Right, fitness, congruity he scouts, as not only "hard to explain, but absolutely inexplicable." Whether simple or complex, the idea of fitness, he argues, must proceed mediately or immediately from a sense. The metaphysics of Hume, reducing all ideas to images or impressions of sense, appear to him far more accurate and elegant than those of Hutcheson; albeit Hume, it is well known, rejected the notion of the moral sense in favour of the combined theory of intellect and instinct; such qualities as reason discovers to be useful or beneficial to society being immediately approved by an instinctive principle of benevolence or sympathy. In Parry's survey of man's nature, and his analysis of the principles of morals, the influence of Butler's writings, then recent, is clearly to be traced. Both in this and in the other short treatises inserted in the appendix, such as that on "Natural Theology" and the "Short Defence of Christianity," the writer shows himself well abreast of the ethical and intellectual movement of the time, while his style is marked by a balanced gravity and pomp of phrase which seems somewhat old-fashioned nowadays.

In 1752 a marriage with Miss Hillier, the daughter of a wealthy dealer in wool and extensive proprietor of land at Cirencester, a man of good repute in the county, opened to Mr. Parry a position of more than independence, which was enhanced in the following year by the falling in of his father's estates at Upcott and Withington to the extent of many hundred acres. He then became a man of position, with ample leisure for the pursuit of his literary and philanthropic tastes. The period of his courtship is marked by effusions in the grandiose style befitting the grave and lettered divine of the age, beginning with "Loveliest of Woman-kind," and ending with "My dearest Lady, Dearest than my Life, from

the most ardent of all Lovers," &c. Whatever he reads "in the way of lively description or lofty sentiment" he applies instinctively to her. He imagines her the universal subject of philosophers and historians, authors and poets, whether ancient or modern. "Plato and Xenophon, Cicero and Ovid, Bacon, Shaftesbury, and Pope have all written in your praise." He begs on his knees a long epistle, being in despair because his "perverse, overly, dear caviller" found fault with his last but one, and she is implored to "away with your 'real friend,' and such pretty Quaker-like formalities." We can hardly feel surprised to hear of his passion breaking out in poetry, of the quality of which we may perhaps judge from the sample selected for us out of an elegy on the death of General Wolfe, with whom, when quartered at Cirencester, the writer had contracted a close friendship. The upheaval from beneath the sea of one of the group of the Azores is described, *à propos* of Wolfe's voyage to America, in a style of versification which at the worst is such as becomes the stage of our national poetry at which Tate and Rowe were followed as Laureates by the Rev. Lawrence Eusden:—

See where remote the Azorian rock appears,
And lifts his conic head among the stars;
There a strange isle, begirt with rocks around,
Emerges by earthquakes from the vast profound.
Eight times the space that mortals wake and sleep,
Earth tottered underneath th' incumbent deep;
Such at the enormous birth were nature's throes.

Not less characteristic is another effort of Mr. Parry's muse, *Erades: an Ethic Poem in Defence of Love; a Fragment*; whether published or not, we fail to gather from his biographer's notice. Upon the heads of "some late scribblers" of the '45 he poured the vials of polemical wrath in the *Character of a Jacobite*, rising to the somewhat equivocal climax:—

'Twere vain to answer every quack that rhymes,
And with his doggel thinks to purge the times.

Its chief light was shed upon a life otherwise devoid of incident by Parry's admission to intimacy with Lord Bathurst, and with the political and literary circle of which that courtly patron of the wits and poets of the day was the centre. With that nobleman, when busy in London with affairs of Parliament or Court, as well as with his son, afterwards Lord Chancellor, Parry maintained a correspondence which serves to illustrate many special passages in the political and social history of the period, besides contributing much to our general impressions of contemporary life and manners. At Lord Bathurst's table he mentions his meeting Hume, with whom he sat an hour and a half, and his being shown a long note intended for the new edition of the *History of England*, in refutation of Walpole's estimate of Richard III. Pope was a frequent visitor at Oakley Park. Among others whose friendship Parry made there were Lord Bathurst's son-in-law, General Urmston, a man of literary talent with whom he corresponded through life; Dean Tucker; Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*; Thomas Scott, Sir James Porter, Doddridge, Chandler, and Amory. With George Lewis Scott, a fellow-visitor with Hume at Lord Bathurst's, a friendly debate sprang up through the medium of letters forwarded by his lordship, touching points of what was then known as the "first philosophy," such as the eternity of matter, the creation of the universe, and the reality of space, with a critical discussion of the views of Descartes, Hobbes, Newton, and Berkeley. Scott will be remembered as an eminent mathematician and a pupil of De Moivre, the friend and correspondent of Gibbon, and of Simson, the editor of Euclid, as well as the writer of the Supplement to Chambers's Dictionary. He was christened after George I., at whose Court, when Elector of Hanover, his father had served many years in some official capacity. He was himself for some time sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. After many passages of arms between the two combatants, involving various points of mathematical as well as metaphysical fence, the general result seems to have been, besides a conviction that much was to be said on both sides, an enhanced feeling of friendliness and esteem for each other's intellectual and moral worth. Lord Bathurst's own letters, by the marks of confidence in which they abound, bear ample witness to the value he set upon his correspondent's judgment and discretion. They deserve to be read with even greater attention for the details which they furnish of party tactics and of minor goings-on behind the scenes of public life.

In the enjoyment of lettered ease and the sense of personal usefulness which, if not wide or conspicuous, was appreciated in his immediate sphere and generation, Mr. Parry's days passed tranquilly away. The death of his friend and patron, in his ninety-first year, preceded by nearly a twelvemonth his own quiet end, from an apoplectic seizure, in the autumn of 1776. The materials for the life of Lord Bathurst in the *Biographia Britannica* were mainly put together for Dr. Kippis by Mr. Parry. His letters show him maintaining to the last an interest in the affairs of the world in the widest sense, whilst turning his inmost thoughts more and more towards the life which was still future. There is something worthy of note in his expressing himself, within a year of his death, as "wonderfully entertained" by Daines Barrington's scheme for exploring the North Pole, the nearest approach to which was made by his own grandson, Sir Edward Parry, half-a-century later. Of Mr. Parry's large family, many, both sons and daughters, have shown themselves inheritors of his manifold gifts and bright

example. Of the varied learning which he combined with habits of philosophical thought and a power of humorous expression, relics survive, we are told, in many fragments of a classical kind, as well as in a Hebrew grammar in manuscript, of the critical value of which we have misgivings when we hear of the Phœnician origin of the Welsh language forming one of his favourite crotchets. Lord Bathurst's estimate of his logical or forensic powers was shown in a remark that Mr. Parry, had he gone to the Bar, would have risen to be Lord Chancellor. Of his merits as a moralist and divine those will be inclined to judge most highly who have most carefully read what the loving care of his grandson has brought together of his fragmentary writings and his unobtrusive, but by no means wasted, life.

EREWHON.*

IN some indefinite colony not long ago an anonymous person was keeping sheep. The pastoral part of the territory was limited by a large mountain range, beyond which no discoverer had hitherto ventured to advance. The rivers which descended from it passed through steep and narrow gorges, and rose from wild glaciers which it was by no means easy even to approach. The shepherd, however, was animated with a lively desire for exploration, and he endeavoured to obtain some light upon the condition of the interior by cross-examining a native called Chowbok. Chowbok's knowledge was limited, but the very mention of the distant land evidently threw him into paroxysms of terror. The traveller's curiosity was of course stimulated by these manifestations, and he at length succeeded in persuading Chowbok to guide him to the foot of the range. Here, however, the native deserted him in a panic, and, forced to trust to his own resources, it was not without great danger that he reached the summit of the ridge, and thence descended into the strange region of Erewhon. A little ingenuity in the solution of anagrams will perhaps qualify our readers to discover for themselves the geography of this anomalous district. We may say, however, that it will probably be found in any map which defines the position of the valley from which Prince Rasselas started, of the country to which Candide was carried by the subterranean river, and of the islands first made known to us by the daring researches of Captain Gulliver. The peculiarities by which its inhabitants are distinguished from those of regions subdued by Cook's tourists and described in Mr. Murray's Guides are such as we never remember to have encountered before. Some of them show a considerable originality on the part of the people themselves or their discoverer, whilst others it is not very easy to detect the precise object. On the whole, however, the Erewhonians may be described as an amusing race of people, and it may occasionally do us good when laughing at their grotesque habits to remember that our habits may seem equally grotesque to them. When travellers laugh at the Chinese for cramping their ladies' feet, the Chinese retort that we are still more silly for cramping our ladies' waists; and the reporter of Erewhonian habits intends to convey to us a series of similar rebuffs. We will mention one or two of the most striking peculiarities of this original people.

The traveller was struck by the extraordinary beauty and the generally healthful appearance of the people. On becoming familiar with them, he discovered that this was owing to a singular confusion in their ideas. Unlike Europeans, he says, they regard disease as sinful, and bad character as simply due to disease. He was imprisoned on his first arrival, chiefly, as it would seem, because he appeared to be in bad health from the effects of his perilous journey, and he was let out when he showed that he had completely recovered. At a later period he witnessed the trial of a man accused of being in a consumption, and he gives a full report of the charge delivered by the judge. Though the penalty of death had been abolished, the prisoner was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, and to receive two table-spoonfuls of castor oil daily. On the other hand, a rich merchant with whom he stayed for a time was universally respected for his perfect physical health; but he was undergoing a course of banishment for some unfortunate moral delinquencies into which he had been betrayed. In fact, he had embezzled the whole fortune of a poor widow under circumstances of peculiar atrocity; the kleptomania—as we presume his complaint would be called in this hemisphere—had gradually risen to this height in consequence of his foolish neglect of some slight earlier symptoms. The friends of the family expressed the warmest sympathy with the unfortunate sufferer, and indeed manifested so much kindness that he declared playfully that he almost felt disposed to have a return of his complaint, in order that he might again be the object of so much warm sympathy. The treatment adopted in this case appears to have consisted chiefly in repeated floggings, which were however considered in the light of surgical operations, and not as involving any degradation or general loss of esteem. Various other whimsical consequences of this peculiar inversion of ideas may easily be imagined. A lady, for example, who is manifestly out of order, endeavours to persuade her friends that she has been taking to drinking; whereas unkind persons are severe enough to say that the taste for drink is entirely fictitious, and that she is really suffering from some constitutional disorder. Bodily ailments, we are told, are regarded as more venial in proportion as they have

* Erewhon; or, Over the Range. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

been produced by causes independent of the constitution. Thus, if a man ruins his health by drinking, the bodily disease is considered to be part of the mental disease to which it was owing, and therefore counts for little; whilst such illnesses as fevers or consumptions, which to us appear to be beyond individual control, are treated with the utmost severity, and subject the sufferer to fine and imprisonment.

The modes of punishing convicted invalids have recently become less barbarous than formerly, when no physical remedies had been provided, and a man once punished for some trivial complaint was very frequently an inmate of the gaols for the rest of his life. A great prison reformer, however, had arisen, who persuaded the public that a legitimate policy would admit the cure of complaints. He succeeded in obtaining a partial instalment of reform, in virtue of which all diseases were divided into three classes, according as they affected the head, the trunk, or the lower limbs. Diseases of the head, whether external or internal, were to be treated with laudanum, those of the trunk with castor-oil, and those of the legs with an embrocation of strong sulphuric acid and water. Some of the more energetic reformers are anxious to carry these principles further, and regard the classification and the remedies adopted as inconclusive.

The satire conveyed upon some of our institutions is easy enough to be interpreted in this last instance; but it may be doubted whether any very intelligible moral is to be derived from the general notion of substituting physical for moral diseases. Considered as a mere play of fancy and a whimsical upsetting of old associations, such as may take place in Looking-Glass Land or other similar regions, it is quaint and amusing enough; and some of the consequences are worked out with considerable ingenuity. We have a suspicion, however, that the author intends to be profoundly satirical; he very properly keeps any direct expression of his moral to himself, and will laugh at the obtuseness of critics who fail to draw the inferences which he intends, or who draw others of which he was not thinking. We venture, however, to assume that his moral would be something to the effect that we ought to treat crime as a disease, and that, a disposition to commit murder being just as much a necessary consequence of certain antecedent causes as a tendency to catch fever, we ought in both cases to effect a cure, instead of inflicting a vindictive punishment. The Erewhonians are illogical in regarding a fever as criminal; and we are just as illogical in not regarding a crime as morbid. Now, even assuming that the philosophy of this is unimpeachable, and that human actions are subject to invariable laws of causation, the conclusion does not quite follow. We hate a man, it is suggested, for being murderously disposed; why not hate him for being consumptive? or rather, why not regard him with pity in both cases, as being the victim of external circumstances? The reason in the case suggested is obvious enough. A murderer is apt to hurt us, whereas the victim of consumption is injurious only to himself. Regard one man as simply the plaything of a bump on the back of his head, and the other as having some defective arrangement of the lungs, and the murderer will still be the more hateful, because the more mischievous. But place the two complaints on a level in this respect—suppose, for example, that consumption should be a highly contagious complaint—it is true that we should still feel sorrow rather than anger for its victim. If indeed he had voluntarily incurred it owing to some morbid propensity, we should begin to dislike him; and yet the morbid propensity would be just as much a matter of causation as the complaint. Without entangling ourselves in the labyrinth whose borders we have thus reached, we may say that there is a simple practical answer to the difficulty. It is essential that certain qualities should be the objects of extreme disapproval, because that disapproval is the best means of keeping them down. Disapproval, unluckily, has very little tendency to suppress consumption, though it may and ought to suppress some practices which lead to consumption; and therefore it would be a waste of good hatred to detest an invalid; but it does and can have a most potent effect upon checking the development of murderous and other immoral propensities, and should therefore be stimulated in regard to them as much as possible. All this is independent of the perplexities about freewill and necessity which seem to have been puzzling the author of *Erewhon*, if indeed he is not simply playing with a good old difficulty that has perplexed the minds of many generations.

The Erewhonians have sundry other peculiarities, equally queer, of which we have not space to give a detailed account. They have given up the invention of machinery, which will probably please Mr. Ruskin, though their reason seems to have been fanciful. The law against machines created much ill-feeling; but it was finally settled that none should be employed which had not been in use for 271 years, that period having been determined by a series of compromises, and chiefly in order to excuse a certain mangling-machine much used by Erewhonian washerwomen. Then there are the Colleges of Unreason, which are specially devoted to the study of hypothetics; that is to say, to the theory of what might have been, which is a much wider and more elevating study than the theory of what actually has been. In these colleges the youths are forced to spend many years in learning a language which has not been spoken for many centuries, and they almost all forget it as soon as it has been learnt. This is not a very profound bit of satire; but the author reserves his most bitter attacks for the established religion of Erewhon, which it

appears is a compromise between the worship of a certain goddess whose name, by a slight change of letters, may be converted into Grundy, and a variety of other gods, in whom nobody believes very much, but whom everybody treats with profound respect. The goddess Ydgrun always gets the best of it, but her claims upon the worshippers conflict with those of the rival deities. In this part of the work we feel bound to give due notice that the author appears to be anything but orthodox; and indeed we are inclined to guess from some of his expressions that he is a bit of a positivist. We cannot follow him into those regions, especially as there is always a difficulty in arguing against a parable, and especially against a parable without a key to it. There are, however, a good many ingenious remarks and some caustic hits in the book; elsewhere it degenerates into somewhat commonplace and easy satire; and, on the whole, the allegory seems to be rather too far-fetched and complicated to have the desirable brilliancy of effect.

FATHER GERARD.*

NEITHER the title-page nor the lettering on the back gives any adequate idea of the contents of this volume, and there is no preface or introduction to inform us what we are to expect. It consists of two parts, the first extending to 262 pages, comprising a Life of Father John Gerard, and the second being the Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, written by himself. Now as the date of the plot is 1604, and Father Gerard left England in 1606, it is somewhat of a misnomer to describe such a volume under the title of "The Condition of Catholics under James I." If it had been called "Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, to which is prefixed the Author's Autobiography," we should have known what to expect. But it is only at the very end of the first portion of the volume which contains the Life that we learn anything of the literary history of the work.

The autobiography is a translation by Father Kingdon of a MS. entitled *Narratio P. Joannis Gerardi de tota vita sua*. The original no longer exists. The copy from which the translation is made is at Stonyhurst, and purports to be a copy from an original at the Novitiate of St. Andrew, in the hands of Father Francis Sacchini, the historian. Portions of it have from time to time appeared in *The Month*. It was composed in 1609. The narrative of the Gunpowder Plot was originally written in English during the latter part of the year 1606, just after the author's escape from England. It is a folio volume of about 300 pages, and in 1789 was in the hands of the Rev. John Thorpe, by whom the editor conjectures that it was given to Father Stone at Liège, and by him brought to Stonyhurst, where it is at present preserved. Dr. Lingard had access to this MS. and made considerable use of it, but does not, as far as we know, refer to the autobiography. The editor's reason for prefixing it to the narrative is that he wishes to claim for the writer the credibility which is due to his life and character. And though a biography composed by another person would be more valuable for this purpose than an autobiography, still, as he justly observes, it is a circumstance most favourable to the formation of an accurate judgment respecting Gerard, that he should have spoken of himself at considerable length, and entered into many and minute details of his own life.

The Life, as it is here presented to us, is made up of a translation of large portions of the Latin autobiography, with a few passages interspersed to fill up the gaps in the narrative. We should have been glad if the learned editor could have made it consistent with his plan to give the whole work, either in the original or in the translation. The omissions, we do not doubt, have been judicious, and in one instance almost necessary; for the Jesuit Father had given a summary of his narrative of the plot, which of course would have been entirely superfluous in a volume containing the whole narrative at length. He protests in his Life, as it is well known from history that he did publicly before the world, his entire ignorance of the whole affair till it was discovered. He was one of the three Jesuits against whom a proclamation was issued by name; but though the other two were aware of the existence of the plot, Gerard was not in any way in the secret. Garnett knew it in general terms, from the confession of the other Jesuit, who probably knew in confession most of the details of the plan for blowing up the Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless Gerard narrowly escaped with his life, having lain hid for nine days, during which the house in which he was concealed was watched by guards day and night, sentinels being posted for three miles all round the house to prevent the chance of escape. When the immediate danger of being taken was past, he left England, May 3, 1606, and soon afterwards composed the narrative of the plot and his own autobiography. The editor has given in addition a brief account of the remaining thirty-one years of Gerard's life, after which he proceeds to institute a deliberate defence of his veracity, and enters into the general question of equivocation and direct lying under certain difficult circumstances. The dissertation seems to us wholly superfluous. The whole question has been discussed with unequalled delicacy and refinement in Dr. Newman's *Apologia*, and the treatment it received from that master-hand is familiar to all who care anything at all about the subject. More-

* *The Condition of Catholics under James I.; Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*. Edited, with his Life, by John Morris, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1871.

over, Gerard's narrative stands in no need of any such defence. It speaks for itself, and is its own guarantee for its truthfulness. There is no reason whatever for suspecting the writer of the narrative of falsehood, because he details in it minutely the artifices by which, when travelling through England in disguise, he attempted to elude the observation of officials who, if they had caught him, would have brought him to a trial which would have ended in his execution. There may be persons perhaps who may think that a man is not justified in having recourse to deceit in order to preserve his life from his enemies, but, without entering into that question here, it is at least evident that a man may avow that he thinks otherwise without prejudicing his general veracity on ordinary topics in a case where telling the truth exposes him to no danger. And, as we have said, Father Gerard's narrative not only carries on its face all the appearance of artlessness, but its details are so minutely confirmed from contemporary documents now in the Public Record Office, that a defence of his veracity is wholly unnecessary. We have, therefore, neither the occasion nor the inclination to enter into disputable questions of casuistry, and shall confine our observations to the two narratives of Father Gerard's own composition—the History of the Gunpowder Plot and his autobiography.

The Life itself is full of interesting particulars, both as regards the writer himself and many other Jesuits who were employed on the English mission during the reign of Elizabeth. Though he had been imprisoned in 1584–5 for more than a year in the Marshalsea, for declaring himself a Catholic, he returned in 1588, having been in the interval ordained priest and admitted into the Society of the Jesuits. His account of his arrival in England, and of the shifts to which he was obliged to have recourse to escape detection, has all the interest of a romance. All the three priests who landed with him suffered execution. Two of them were condemned under the statute of Eliz. an. 27, for exercising priestly functions in England, after having been ordained beyond seas. Here it must be remembered that the prohibition of the statute did not extend to the English priests who had been ordained during the previous reign. The third escaped for eighteen years, and was at last executed for supposed participation in the Gunpowder Plot.

Gerard landed somewhere, he does not say exactly where, on the East coast, and made his way to London, always avoiding the high roads and the villages, so close a system of espionage being kept up that no stranger could pass through any town or village without being subjected to inquiry as to what he was and where he came from. He at last reached London after many narrow escapes, having kept up the deception all the way that he was a gentleman's servant in search of a lost falcon. He had learned the terms of falconry in order, first, more successfully to practise this deception, and secondly to enable himself more easily to ingratiate himself with the country gentlemen with whom he might hereafter have to deal; for he observes that they had no other ideas than such as were connected with field-sports, and that all their conversation, excepting what was blasphemous and obscene, or slander of the Pope and Roman Catholics, was confined to these subjects. One of the most remarkable features of the narrative is the large number of conversions to the Roman Catholic faith made by him in various parts of the country where he was from time to time domiciled. But, besides this, there is an immense amount of information about different persons, which is not to be met with in any other printed work. Amongst others who were converted during the first few months of his residence in this country, was a lady who was sister to Sir Christopher Yelverton, whose name he does not mention, but who is easily identified as "a judge who even now is the most firm support of the Calvinist party," and by the insertion of the name in the margin. And here he gives an anecdote of the highest interest as throwing light on the already considerably damaged character of Dr. Perne, Master of Peter House and Dean of Ely, who, the author observes, had changed his religion three or four times under different sovereigns. We may remind our readers that his name was subscribed as one of the six King's chaplains to the Forty-five Articles of Edward's reign, of which we gave some account in our issue of October 28, 1871. It is well known that this weathercock managed to adhere to the religion professed by Henry VIII., veered round into the extreme of Zuinglianism which was fashionable in the time of Edward VI., became a Catholic again in the reign of Philip and Mary, and adopted Calvinism to keep his preferments at the accession of Elizabeth. Under these circumstances the following entirely new story about him will not be thought quite incredible. It occurs at p. xxvi. of the Life of Father John Gerard. Speaking of Yelverton's sister he says:—

Being very anxious as to the state of her soul, she went to a certain Doctor of the University of Cambridge, of the name of Perne, who she knew had changed his religion some three or four times under different Sovereigns, but yet was in high repute for learning. Going to this Dr. Perne then, who was an intimate friend of her family, she conjured him to tell her honestly and undisguisedly what was sound orthodox faith by which she might attain Heaven. The Doctor finding himself thus earnestly appealed to by a woman of discretion and good sense, replied, "I conjure you never to disclose to another what I am going to say. Since then you have premised me to answer as if I had to give an account of your soul, I will tell you that you can, if you please, live in the religion now professed by the Queen and her whole kingdom, for so you will live more at ease and be exempt from all the vexations the Catholics have to undergo. But by no means die out of the faith and communion of the Catholic Church, if you would save your soul." Such was the answer of this poor man, but such was not his practice; for, putting off his conversion from day to day,

it fell out that, when he least expected, on his return home from dining with the pseudo-Archbishop of Canterbury, he dropped down dead as he was entering his apartments, without the least sign of repentance or of Christian hope of that eternal bliss which he had too easily promised to himself and to others after a life of a contrary tendency.

Amongst other very curious pieces of information with which this book abounds, we may mention the account of the death of Essex's sister, Lady Penelope Devereux. She is known as having been married by William Laud to the Earl of Devonshire, for adultery with whom she had been divorced from her first husband, Lord Rich. The allusions in Gerard's narrative are very vague and indistinct. He is evidently unwilling to speak of the lady's misconduct; but he describes her as having gone so far as to fix a day for her confession to him, preparatory to being received into the Church of Rome, and being dissuaded from taking the step by one "who had loved her long and deeply"—i.e., Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, who was created Earl of Devonshire in 1603, and died in 1606, little more than three months after he had persuaded his chaplain Laud to marry them. Gerard says of him that he died of grief, "invoking, alas! not God, but the goddess his angel, as he called her, and leaving her heiress of all his property." His widow afterwards began to think of her former resolution, and just about the time when Gerard was informed of this, and was on the point of writing to her, she was carried off by a fever; "not, however," he observes, "before she had been reconciled to the Church by one of ours."

We can scarcely within our limits give even a faint idea of the interest of the narrative, which details so many hair-breadth escapes of the writer. On one occasion he was hidden in a dark closet for four days, with nothing to eat but a few biscuits and some quince jelly. But though there was a traitor in the house in the person of one of the servants of the family, he could not be found, and the search was given up, under the idea that he must have made his escape. Soon after this he was caught through the agency of the same traitor, and imprisoned for some years, during which he was several times had up for examination, and frequently put to the torture, being left hanging up to the roof of a cell by ropes tied round his wrists, without any support to his feet. His own account of his proceedings whilst under confinement, and his successful escape from the Tower by means of a rope which crossed to the opposite side of the moat, is the most interesting part of the whole narrative. So considerate was he, that, as he was effecting his escape, he left a note for his gaoler, explaining that, if he wished to escape also, and so avoid the danger of having been thought an accomplice in furthering his prisoner's plans, he had provided a horse for him, and gave him directions which road he should take to avoid detection. The gaoler embraced the offer, and managed to live unmolested in the country for some five years. Gerard himself managed also to preserve his *incognito* till the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Though proclamations against him by name were issued, the Government could not catch him, and he soon afterwards left England, and never returned, though he survived more than thirty years.

We reserve for another occasion our notice of the latter and somewhat larger half of the volume, which gives the history of the Gunpowder Plot.

A MAN'S THOUGHTS.*

IF Fielding is rightly described as the prose Homer of human nature, no less rightly may Mr. Hain Friswell be described as the prose Tupper of human philosophy. There are many persons who no more think that it falls within their capacity to understand poetry than a child thinks that it falls within its capacity to understand a sermon. Such people, if on opening a book they see that it is printed like poetry—the lines of unequal lengths and a capital letter at the beginning of each line—quietly close it again, and, if their love of literature is not somewhat chilled by this unexpected incident, continue their search after prose. No doubt, in many cases, if they had had courage to read a few lines of the poet they lighted on, and had once got used to the capital letters occurring in the middle of a sentence, they would have found that poetry is wonderfully like prose, and could often be turned into it by the aid of the printer alone. Nevertheless, while readers are so cautious and so distrustful of their own powers, it is well that between the poet and the people there should come a kind of factor, whose duty it should be to bring the wares of the one within the easy reach of the other. Such is the pleasing task which Mr. Friswell seems to perform for the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. We do not in any way mean to say that the book before us is a conscious adaptation of Mr. Tupper's great work. Nevertheless it is clear that the younger writer has drunk deep of the Tupperian spring, and, thoroughly saturated with the latest form of that philosophy, is rather removing its difficulties for the sake of the uninitiated than originating any new form of thought himself. He is not indeed the only disciple Mr. Tupper has had, who devotes himself to the pleasing task of expounding his philosophy. Just as Socrates had Plato and Xenophon, so our English Socrates, Mr. Tupper, has, on the one hand, the author of *The Gentle Life*, and, on the other hand, the no less pleasing author of the *Recreations of a Country Parson*. Let none despair.

* *A Man's Thoughts*. By J. Hain Friswell, Author of "The Gentle Life." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

Those who cannot understand Mr. Tupper can surely understand A. K. H. B., and those who cannot understand A. K. H. B. can at all events understand Mr. Friswell. Our author, with plentiful quotations from the Book of Judges and from Milton, explains to us first who the Philistines were, and next who are the Philistines of Mr. Matthew Arnold's writings. We may mention, by the way, that any one unfamiliar with the story of Samson will find it given at full length, *ass's jawbone* and all, in Mr. Friswell's pages and in Mr. Friswell's language. Now if any modern Philistine should suddenly get inspired with a zeal for Mr. Arnold's "culture," and giving up his *Daily Telegraph* should cry, What shall I read to be cultivated? we would advise him to begin cautiously and to try *A Man's Thoughts*. He might advance onwards to A. K. H. B., and so reaching Mr. Tupper prepare for still higher efforts. There is, however, some cause for alarm when we come to recommend the work before us as a Primer of Culture, if we may so term it. Just as any boy who has once seen frogs pelted can pelt frogs himself, so any one who has once read such an author as Mr. Friswell can himself turn author. Some arts are so easy of attainment that little more is required for their successful practice than the wish to excel in them. Now to write in the style of the *Daily Telegraph*, like going to Coriuth, does not fall to the lot of any man you please. Cultivation, no doubt, may do a great deal, but a Special Correspondent of the paper that has the largest circulation in the world cannot be raised from any stock, any more than the prize ox of the Cattle Show. To read therefore the *Daily Telegraph* is comparatively safe. We are told in old legends of only one man who tried to imitate the thunderings of Jupiter, and in old fables of only one frog who tried to swell himself out like an ox. Mr. George Augustus Sala has perhaps rather more imitators than his forerunners, whether in legend or in fable; but of the 190,000 subscribers to the *Daily Telegraph*—we forget the odd numbers—there are, we feel sure, but very few who would be presumptuous enough to try to imitate him. The case is very different when they turn to Mr. Friswell, and find that the chief part of an author's art can be imparted by the writing-master. The scribbling itch will then seize all alike, and as each man has his thoughts as well as Mr. Friswell, we shall have no restraint left on the multiplication of authors except the indolence of those who have acquired the art of penmanship. Mr. Friswell will of course always remain the prose Tupper, but he will be the head of a very extensive tribe. How many hundreds of thousands must there already be, even before compulsory education has been brought to bear on the masses, who could, if they chose so to waste their time, write passages equal in originality and in expression to the following:—

Half the nostrums of the world, which wise men, or those who deem themselves wise, put forward to cure the evils of society, will be put out of course by self-restraint. No one except the most ardent teetotallers would argue that it is a sin to taste wine. The sin consists in the excess, and although vegetarians have a much better cause, for on the face of the question it seems cruel to kill animals to feed on them, perhaps they might listen to reason where moderation is exercised. Self-restraint will make every kind of enjoyment lawful in its proper time and place, will induce good health and satisfaction in life; will make our work a pleasure, our exercise delightful, our rest and sleep refreshing. In these, also, we should be careful and moderate. In fact there is nothing in life that can be indulged in to excess without hurt to soul and body. In like manner there is hardly anything in life that need be shunned as a sin or a folly if taken properly—used and not abused.

Mr. Friswell would seem to have readers, for he goes on bringing out what he would call, we suppose, new works. One of his books too, as we learn from the advertisements, has gone through ten editions, and "deserves," in the language of an admiring journal, "to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house." Increase of appetite may grow in certain cases on what it feeds on. We should have thought, however, that every one throughout the country must have at least two opportunities every Sunday of satiating his desire for that kind of hash of moral sentiments and that kind of travestying of Bible stories which we find in these pages, without going to the expense of buying them from Mr. Friswell on week days. As far as our experience goes, preachers have not yet left off telling us that "there is nothing in life that can be indulged in to excess without hurt to soul and body," nor have they grown weary or ashamed of telling in their own feeble language what stands already told in the noblest language ever written. It is true that Mr. Friswell, by the help of that "independent scholarship" which the *Nonconformist* finds in him, and which we, so far at all events as the independency is concerned, willingly concede to him, at times throws additional interest on moral teaching and Bible stories. He tells us that it was just when "Philistia was at the culmination of her complacent power" that Samson arose, who, we learn parenthetically, was as "mighty as the fabled Hercules, if indeed he was not he." We regret to learn, however, that Samson, whether Hercules or not, was "stained somewhat, as our new morality makes us think, with the sins of the flesh." About the Philistines and their country we get some information which is, we fear, scarcely more exact in its geography than in its grammar:—

The Philistines, as we should properly call these people, then inhabited the plain of Philistia; and bounded on the north by Phœnicia and Syria, and on the south by Egypt and Arabia, the fertility and the position of their country gave them enormous wealth. So far they were like England. However, as Mr. Friswell's readers perhaps never heard of Hercules, and have not the least conception where are to be

found Phœnicia and Syria, or Egypt and Arabia, no great harm is done. Mr. Friswell may also, we can well believe, "cite the Latin *summa jus*," and yet not lose that reputation for "independent scholarship" with which his readers, on the authority of the *Nonconformist*, will credit him. He is not, however, always independent; for at times he is condescending enough to appeal to authority. On the derivation of the word conscience he has a good deal to say, and while telling us that some "derive it from *scientia communis*, the common or general in-dwelling knowledge of man," he adds that "Gessner says it may be derived from *con*, together with, and *scire*, to know; so that you at once know what you have done." We hardly know which to admire the more, the happy audacity or the excessive caution of Gessner, who, while lighting on the track of the derivation of so obscurely compounded a word, yet is not carried away by the zeal of the etymologist, but only ventures to hint at the possibility of the correctness of his view. Passing from words to facts, those who have never heard the story of Alexander and Diogenes will find it twice told in Mr. Friswell's pages, with such improvements in the second narrative as are naturally suggested in a twice-told tale. In p. 76 we are merely introduced to Alexander as "that great conqueror surrounded by a glittering corps of courtiers, generals with short flat clanking swords that struck against their mailed buskins with a pleasant rattle." But in p. 193, while the courtiers have disappeared, we have Alexander himself described "as the swaggering captain in his clinking arms, his nodding plumes, gold helmet, and glittering sword." We are glad, however, to say that the well-known sunshine remains the same in both narratives. We have already shown how, out of the wealth of his stores of knowledge, Mr. Friswell contrives to throw in information parenthetically. The second account of Diogenes is properly introduced by a dissertation on the Cynics and a defence of Antisthenes, as the first account was no less properly introduced by a dissertation on tubs. We quite agree with Mr. Friswell when he tells us

It would be wrong to suppose for one moment that Antisthenes, who at Cynosarges (whence some say the name of the sect) founded this school of philosophy, intended it to degenerate to what it did.

We never yet heard of any founder of any school who "intended it to degenerate to what it did." We should be glad, however, of an opportunity of putting Mr. Friswell a question or two as to the place that he spells *Cynosarges*; and we would suggest that before he next presumes to write about the founders of schools of philosophy, he would do well in the first place to consult his biographical and geographical dictionary, and in the second place to acquire the art of copying correctly. Mr. Friswell, we should imagine, knows only two stories out of Greek history; for if he knows more, why does he tell these two twice over? We have Leonidas and his three hundred, as well as Diogenes and his tub, brought in to do duty in two separate chapters. We have felt it our duty to be rather severe upon him; but, to show that we are not ill-disposed towards him, we will in a moment supply him with materials for two or three new chapters, if not indeed for a whole book. Let him get down his Biographical Dictionary, or his Goldsmith's History of Greece, and look up the stories of Cræsus, of the Seven Sages of Greece, of Lycurgus and Spartan broth, and at the same time let him read up some of the obscure parts of Bible history—the story of Joseph, for instance—and he will have, we feel sure, nothing left but a title to select, a preface to write, and a publisher to find.

Mr. Friswell does not expound only the Bible, the classics, philosophy, and Mr. Tupper to his readers. He knows political economy after the school of Mr. Ruskin, much as Chaucer's Prioress knew French "aftur the scole of Stratford atte Bowe." Till now we had always thought that in ignorance of political economy Mr. Ruskin was unrivalled. But the disciple has surpassed the master, and as long as Mr. Friswell lives Mr. Ruskin can boast that there is in his favourite subject one man who is more ignorant than he. Mr. Friswell, while accepting all Mr. Ruskin's doctrines, has his own grand remedies for the corruptions and miseries of society:—

We shall have a noble outcome in the far-distant future from all this turmoil; but it is yet too early to ask women to vote. We must do away with open voting, and substitute voting papers (as they have done for the graduates of Oxford or Cambridge) before that day comes; and meanwhile we must go on educating the people, and endeavouring not only to raise every man and woman, but every child. We can at least educate them in silence and in patience; as we are now, almost every one, without a thought wasted or spent about a matter, pronounced on it.

This "noble outcome" bursts upon the reader with a most pleasing abruptness. Nothing had been previously said about votes for women, nothing about voting-papers, nothing about education. However we will not object to that, and we are quite content meanwhile to go on educating the people, till the far distant future comes when, after all this turmoil, women will have votes and voting-papers; and education, which has only been a means to that glorious end, can be given up as being of no further use. We would suggest, however, that as the best step towards this education "in silence and patience," Mr. Friswell had better leave off writing. The Spartans, as Mr. Friswell will learn when, following our advice, he reads his Goldsmith, certainly were said to try to deter their children from drunkenness by making their slaves drunk. In like manner it is just possible that the silliness of Mr. Friswell's tedious garrulity may tend to disgust his readers with garrulity in general, and so may educate them in silence. As regards patience, however, there can be no

doubt that, unless that virtue requires to have exercise artificially found for her, the education of critics will be the more complete the less they have to do with Mr. Friswell.

CRANSTOUN'S TIBULLUS.*

MR. CRANSTOUN has done a good service to letters in seeking to atone for the slight hitherto put by English translators on the neatest and most elegant of Latin elegiac poets. Translation may not be the grandest of fields, but it is something to occupy it with taste, judgment, and discernment, and to select such portions of it for cultivation as are least exhausted, and therefore most likely, if well dealt with, to bring credit to the cultivator. This seems at any rate to have been Mr. Cranstoun's opinion when, regarding the versions of Horace and Virgil which have within the last fifteen years issued so profusely from the English press, and the versions of Catullus with which his own very meritorious translation has to compete—regarding too the indications of popular toleration even for translations of the unequal and tedious Propertius—he determined to put in a plea for the refined and tuneful Tibullus, and by the publication of his *Studia Tibulliana* in the form of an elegant metrical version, with an introductory life and survey of the poet's works, and an appendix of illustrative notes (which are almost a florilegium of classical translation in themselves), to bespeak a reconsideration of the rank to which the lover of Nemesis and Neera is entitled. Surely to an English ear strains cannot fail to be welcome which represent a poet who may seem to have combined Goldsmith's love of nature and simplicity with the grace, finish, and elegiac tone of the statelier Gray; and inasmuch as the sole competitor in the field is an almost forgotten Mr. Dart, whose version of a century and a half ago is at best respectable and passable, we may congratulate Mr. Cranstoun on having occupied a place for which his poetical skill, no less than his manifest classical training and acquirements, abundantly fits him. It is not always, especially in the reproduction of the classic poets, that we can honestly commend endeavours of which the best to be said is that they are well meant; but in this version of Tibullus the copy, no less than the model, is thoroughly acceptable. Mr. Cranstoun has retrimmed Tibullus by aid of the best ancient and modern commentaries, thought out the meaning of doubtful passages, and weighed the pros and cons about disputed arrangement and authorship. Hence, so far as it goes, his volume is a valuable chapter in the history of Roman literature (which, by the way, has yet to be written as a whole), all the more valuable because of the fulness, taste, and pertinency of its parallels and illustrations; and the reader is made to feel that while his guide is obviously an enthusiast, he is never so much so as to let his zeal bias his judgment. If Tibullus does not henceforth hold high favour amongst English readers of the classics, the fault will be in their own taste, and not in the presentment of him by his new translator.

The data for a life of Tibullus are conveniently succinct. An Elegy of Ovid, an Epistle of Horace, and a life by an old grammarian, supply materials which illustrate, and are illustrated by, the internal evidence of the Elegies themselves. We get the idea of a genial, handsome, refined, but not foppish, Roman knight, very early in life his own master, and yet tenderly attached to his mother and sister, and, for a Roman in his position, a singularly domestic character. Through all his poetry, even when it is most erotic and at the laxest, there breathes a true elegiac plaintiveness; and the impression grows with the perusal of it that this slave of one mistress after another might, under other conditions and another creed, have found the ideal he sought. As it was, it is not proved that Nemesis, Delia, Neera, and Glycera (with this last we credit him on the showing of Horace, and not on his own confession) were chargeable with being a drain upon his patrimony, which had been reduced by confiscations on the death of Cæsar. Just before his early death he threatened to sell his possessions to gratify capricious Nemesis, but this may have been no more than a figure of speech, and Horace's Epistle (i. 4) compliments Tibullus on his secret of uniting a calm mode of life with the true art of enjoyment. An intimate connexion with a great patron, Messala, obliged him to accompany that general, perhaps more as the bard of his exploits than as the aide-de-camp of his campaign, against rebellious Aquitania in B.C. 31; but when it came to an expedition to Asia, a convenient illness cut short the poet's war-service at Corcyra, and henceforth he gave to Venus the homage which we cannot suppose he ever heartily rendered to Mars. His loves, in fact, constitute his history. Neera jilted him; Delia's intercourse was a case of "quarrel again and make it up again," till on his return from Corcyra he found that she had forsaken him for a richer and less jealous lover. Of Glycera we know little save from Horace's epithet, but she probably preceded Nemesis, the rapacious beauty who saw the last of him, and met another of his enslavers, Delia (or Plania) at his funeral pyre. As each of these held sway over him in succession he thrilled to their praise songs of far deeper feeling than the light, skin-deep effusions of Horace or Catullus, who, as Mr. Cranstoun neatly puts it, engrave the names of their mistresses "on shells of rare beauty, it is true, but still on shells only." We

are not aware that it is a serious drawback to the poetic reputation of Tibullus that Dr. Arnold coupled him as a bad poet with Propertius, and that Niebuhr thought scorn of his sentimentality. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Mr. Cranstoun has a better right to be heard in the field of poetic art, and we cannot imagine a truer estimate of Tibullus than that which he has given in the following passage:—

Tibullus cannot, it is true, soar into the blue heaven and gaze upon the sun in his meridian splendour, like that eagle of the Alps "the young Catullus"; he has not the vast learning, nervous vigour, and sparkling brilliancy of Propertius; nor the exquisite pathos, richness of imagery, and intensely sensuous feeling of the many-minded Ovid; neither can he play with the affections like Horace in his own, or Martial in a later day—poets who could tease and fondle Love by turns, as a lady would a lap-dog; but he evinces throughout a simplicity, a naturalness, a tenderness, and a terseness particularly his own; and herein lies his charm.

His love of home and friends, his enjoyment of the country, of hills and dales, of shepherds and sheepfolds, of smiling meadows and murmuring rivulets, of purple vineyards and yellow corn-fields, and of the innocence and simplicity of earlier days, combined with that tender melancholy that ever, cloud-like, threw a shadow o'er his brow, gives him an almost romantic interest in the eyes of the modern reader; and will always secure for him, with lovers of rural scenes, one of the most enviable positions among the sons of ancient song.

We have scarcely space to glance at the matter of the excursus on the authorship of the Third and Fourth Books, or at Mr. Cranstoun's argument against the views of Lachmann, Dissen, and Milman, who refuse to ascribe these to Tibullus. The most difficult argument to answer is that which is based on El. III. v. 17 and 18, which seems to fix Tibullus's birth in the year of the Battle of Mutina (B.C. 43), "cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari." The first line of this couplet runs "Natalem nostri primum videre parentes," or, as some MSS. read, "Natalem primo nostrum," &c. Our translator holds that Tibullus reckoned his years in reference to so singular a chronological landmark as the fact of two consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, meeting their deaths on the same day of the same month, just as a man the fifth anniversary of whose birth fell on the day of Waterloo might say he was five years old at that date. So far so good. But he would further for "primum" read "decimum"—not so simple a transcriber's error, we fear, as he accounts it. It would, no doubt, simplify matters could we venture to adopt a suggestion which would remove one hindrance to the establishment of the Third Book as genuine, and yield a sense on this wise:—

My parents saw their boy's tenth natal day
What morn one fate both consuls swept away.

Leaving, however, to the curiosity of readers the arguments for and against the ascription of the later books to Tibullus, we pass to the examination of Mr. Cranstoun's work as a translator, more especially as regards the earlier and undoubted elegies. And first let us cull from that sweet elegy to Delia, written in sickness at Corcyra, passing by, though of exceeding beauty, the English counterpart of the familiar lines about the old Saturnian rule, vv. 35-44. We quote the poet's vision of what is in store for him should his illness prove fatal. (See vv. 57-66.)

But me, the facile child of tender Love,
Will Venus waft to blest Elysium's plains,
Where dance and song resound, and every grove
Rings with clear-throated warblers' dulcet strains.
Here lands untill'd their richest treasures yield—
Here sweetest cassia all untended grows—
With lavish lap the earth, in every field,
Outpours the blossom of the fragrant rose.
Here bands of youths and tender maidens chime
In Love's sweet lures, and pay the untiring vow—
Here reigns the lover, slain in youthful prime,
With myrtle garland round his honoured brow.

In this metre, which we recognize as the fittest to represent the Latin elegiac, the first five elegies and many of those that follow are rendered; and rendered, it should be added, with singular felicity. The sixth elegy of the First Book, addressed to Delia and, as Mr. Cranstoun surmises, to Tibullus's successor in her affections, is broken up by the translator into two. The theory is plausible enough, but it seems to us unlikely that the poet would have troubled himself with inditing "cautions" in verse to a fortunate rival; we think it more probable that the whole was addressed to Delia, though the latter half was designed to work on her fears and vanity, and the former to suggest to her, banteringly, what he could tell, if he chose, to her temporary possessor. It is not necessary to suppose that for other than Delia's eye were meant the ingenuous confessions—

Ah, me! I taught her first her regards to foil,
And now on me, alas! my arts recoil.
'Twas I, I'll tell the honest truth outright,
At whom your mastiff used to bark all night.

Another variety of metre is seasonably called to Mr. Cranstoun's aid when he translates the graceful and spirited elegy (I. vii.) on Messala's birthday. The fourteen-syllable ballad metre might seem at first too roomy for the gist of the elegiac couplet, but a comparison of Latin and English in the two lines of each which we quote as a test-point will probably satisfy those who take interest in the problems of translation that the experiment is in this case successful:—

An te, Cydne, canam, tacitis qui leniter undis
Ceruleus placidis per vada serpis aquis?

Or, Cydnus, shall I sing of thee, through thy shallows creeping slow,
Thy placid stream, thine azure gleam, and thy wavelet's noiseless flow.

* The Elegies of Tibullus. Translated into English Verse. By James Cranstoun, B.A., Author of a Translation of "Catullus." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

Each feature of the original is caught, each trait represented with a skill holding the happy mean between freedom and servility. Later in the same elegy occur some good lines descriptive of the praise due to Messala for his talents as a road-maker, displayed upon the Via Latina (l. vii. 57-62):—

While of yon splendid road the sons of Tusculum shall tell,
And they who in the ancient homes of white-wall'd Alba dwell;
For by thy wealth the gritty rock was hither brought and strown,
Compacted here and joined there, with skilful art, each stone.
Thy praise shall rustics sing as homeward from the town they stray,
For now they never lose their path, nor stumble by the way.

Yet another metre is used with excellent effect to render the "Praise of Sulpicia" in the second elegy of the Fourth Book, and we had marked a stave or two for quotation; but it is due to the more appropriate representative of the Latin elegiac to give preference to a quatrain or two from the tenth elegy of the First Book ("The Blessings of Peace"), out of which we extract Tibullus's pathetic contrast between the tangible present and the to-the-heaven drear future (l. x. 33-44):—

Ah me! why court dark death in war? all round
It creeps unseen and silent, ever near:
Below, no crops—no vines—but the fierce hound,
And the grim boatman of the Stygian mere.

And there, with *sunken* chaps and half-burnt hair,
By the dark lake the wan-faced tenants roam;
Far happier he, who with his own may share
In age and competence the joys of home.

He tends the sheep, his son the lambs, and aye
His loving wife her weary husband cheers.
So may I live, and see my hair grow gray,
And tell, when old, the deeds of early years.

Perhaps the italicized epithet in the fifth verse scarcely represents "percussia," which rather means *smitten* by the wailing shades, acting as their own "præficia"; but otherwise we do not see how such stanzas as these could be mended. In the third elegy of the Second Book on "Nemesis in the Country," one couplet anent his mistress, whom he likens to Venus ruralizing with her son (vv. 3 and 4), is a picture in itself:—

Ipsa Venus letos jam nunc migravit in agros,
Verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor.

For Venus' self has sought the happy plains,
And Love is taking lessons at the plough.

What a subject for a vignette! A little further on (vv. 17-20) there is a vision of Diana meeting her brother Apollo when he was herdsman to Admetus, which is thus prettily rendered:—

Hew oft pale Dian blush'd and felt a pang
To see him bear a calf across the plain!
How oft, as in the deepening dell he sang,
The lowing oxen broke the hallow'd strain.

In single lines too Mr. Cranstoun very frequently exhibits great ingenuity of translation, as where it is said of Juno's tempter, Ixion, that in Tartarus

Versantur celeri noxia membra rotâ

Ixion . . . bound
Spins round his wheel in endless unreprieve.

Against the merits which we have noticed there are, of course, a few slips to be set off. *E.g.*, in l. vii. 4 we find a hypermetrical line repugnant to our ears; unless indeed "sacred" can be taken for a monosyllable in the verse—

Whose might should make *sacred* Atax quake in terror to the main;

and in l. i. 28 we should prefer some other rendering of "solvite vincula cado" instead of "the Chian cask unbind." Nor can we acquiesce in the rendering of "agricolis cœlitibus" by "vernal powers." In l. ii. 81

Num feror incestus sedes adiisse deorum

is rendered:—

With sacrilege can mortal blast my fame?

where it is too much to expect the readers to understand that "sacrilege" means "a charge of sacrilege." There are several other slips of a similar nature which a little careful revision would amend. But, on the whole, when we take into account the mass of verse-translation from Tibullus and his compeers, as well as from their Greek models, here and there, with which this volume is enriched, it is matter for wonder that the errors are so few. As for the beauties, they are creditably abundant, and every one who cares for Latin elegy or its English representations may be safely recommended to study Mr. Cranstoun's Tibullus.

A RETROSPECT OF THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.*

WE have no right to conjecture who "A Recluse" may be, but we may safely say that the *Retrospect of the Autumn Manœuvres* would do no discredit to the name of any of our best military authors. Calmly and logically written, suggestive without being dogmatical, and displaying considerable acquaintance with history and a powerful grasp of his subject, the book before

* *A Retrospect of the Autumn Manœuvres. With Five Plans.* By A. Recluse. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

us is a valuable contribution to British military literature. We cannot say that we always agree with the author, but we do say that everything he has written is worthy of careful consideration. It is naturally difficult for those who have been brought up in a particular school to accept the fact that their previous training has not only done them no good, but has even done them absolute harm. English gentlemen, and above all English officers, are, as a rule, conservative; the latter are also, and with reason, proud of those special characteristics of the British soldier which enabled Wellington so often to overthrow with a thin two-deep line the dense columns of the French. As a nation, too, we love to close with our enemies, and the bayonet has always been the favourite weapon of our army. These traditions, this attachment to the *arme blanche*, are declared by our author to be, in the altered conditions of war, most pernicious, and it must be admitted that his words supply matter for serious reflection. The problem is one the solution of which is both painful and difficult. Painful because, if we adopt the solution of the author, we must confess that the years spent in bringing our army to the perfection of a machine have been in great part wasted; and difficult because of the undeniable fact that a military system, to be thoroughly effective, must be adapted to the peculiarities of the nation. It is, however, of the utmost moment that we should take advantage of the period of peace which we are at present enjoying, and decide now after what fashion we shall carry on war when war comes; for to defer the question until hostilities break out would be an act of suicidal folly. War no longer affords its own school, but is simply a test of the training received in peace. We must therefore, if we wish to preserve our laurels, determine what system shall in future be adopted.

The author tells us that "our tactical system must be radically changed," and "that the British bayonet and French *déjà* lie buried in the same grave." That our tactical system must undergo some change we do not doubt, but we are by no means convinced that the change need be radical. The history of the late war supplies, it is true, arguments in support of this radicalism, but on a close inspection their value becomes seriously diminished. At St. Privat the Prussian Guard, advancing for some fifteen hundred yards across a valley and up a slope completely exposed to the fire of the French, who were sheltered by garden-walls and rifle-pits, were repulsed with great loss, but so probably they would have been under the old conditions of war. We do not, therefore, consider that the result of this often-quoted episode proves conclusively that formed bodies of troops should never advance within two thousand paces of the enemy's fire. Yet this is the rule now followed in the Prussian army, and the author wishes to see it adopted in our own. He seems to be of opinion that skirmishers, supports, and reserves should all attack a position in extended order. Though he does not expressly say so, he allows it to be inferred that lines should be altogether proscribed. He forgets, however, that the French who repulsed the attack on St. Privat were in line formation, and our deduction from this fact would be that the line was particularly adapted for defensive positions. Let us now take the case of an advance to attack a stationary foe. Generally speaking, an intelligent leader will be able to procure, as he advances, much cover from the nature of the ground, nor will he attack till his artillery has somewhat shaken the enemy. Still it is certain that long lines advancing without firing would be destroyed before they could come to close quarters with the foe. A fire to cover their advance and distract the attention of the enemy, while supplementing the effect of the artillery, would be supplied by clouds of skirmishers, and in future skirmishers will no doubt be much more freely employed than formerly. Nevertheless the fact remains that the deployed battalions would offer marks which it would be easy to hit during the advance. It follows therefore that all the troops heading the attack should, if not especially favoured by the ground, be either extended as skirmishers, or broken up into fractions less than even half-battalions. The second line might, however, be formed of battalions advancing in line. The enemy could not very well fire at four ranges at once—it would have to fire at three ranges against skirmishers, supports, and reserves—and consequently the deployed battalions would in reality be exposed to a comparatively trifling danger. At the commencement of the advance the second line might follow at a considerable distance, diminishing it gradually as the first line drew nearer to the position, and the advantage of supporting the necessarily disordered rush of the skirmishing bodies by regularly formed lines, of improving by this means a first success, of repelling a counter attack, or of covering a retreat, would be incalculable. We have always thought that the Prussian line, if possessing as little solidity as is alleged, offered an excellent opportunity for a counter attack; and we believe that by a dash our lines during the autumn manœuvres could easily have been pierced.

The fact is, the new Prussian mode of fighting has not yet been fairly tested. The French made their few counter attacks in a lumbering awkward manner, and had discarded their old dashing tactics without having acquired the steadiness which distinguishes the British soldier. Besides, they fired as badly as possible. British troops would never, we may hope, have allowed their main line of battle to be approached by organized, but weak, clusters of sharpshooters. They would either have brushed them away by a short charge, or have themselves

sent out skirmishers to keep those of the enemy at a distance. The Prussian mode of fighting is, after all, but formulated and scientific bushwhacking, and would be innocuous against firm, well-led soldiers. If the fighting on both sides is to be restricted to skirmishers, a battle would resolve itself into a continual dribbling on to the scene of contest, and the struggle would be indefinitely prolonged, and rendered much more sanguinary than in the case at present. With regard to the size of the tactical units recommended to be employed in future, it must not be forgotten that if one of our battalions, with an establishment of 800 rank and file organized in eight companies, sent out two companies as skirmishers and two as supports, the remaining four companies would be little stronger than two Prussian companies without the third rank, and that a half battalion would scarcely exceed the strength of a single Prussian company. We are glad to find that the Duke of Cambridge still maintains that the line formation is that best suited to the British soldier. We may imagine him arguing as follows:—"There is a considerable difference between the British and the Prussian soldier. The former undergoes twice as long a training as the latter. The British soldier is also individually less intelligent than the Prussian. The Prussian system is suited for highly intelligent trained men of short service, who would be incapable of manœuvring with precision in large bodies. Our method is better for old well-drilled, but less intelligent, men. We will not wantonly throw away our special advantages." For some time after the American war mounted riflemen were cried up at the expense of regular cavalry; the fact being that the theatre of war was often unsuited for the latter, even if there had been time to train them, which there was not. The Americans had to choose between contenting themselves with mounted infantry and having no horsemen at all; and it is possible that the Prussians are in a similar situation. Again, as to the bayonet; if two opposing bodies are equally determined to close with each other, the moment of actual contact must arrive at last, and then the side which possesses confidence in the bayonet will assuredly prove successful. Besides, the moral effect of a line advancing with bayonets fixed and rifles at the charge is very great. In a pamphlet by General von Moltke, recently translated into English by Lieutenant Crawford, continual mention is made of the bayonet as a useful adjunct to fire, and as the weapon with which to decide an action. In the latest Prussian drill-book, also, there is as frequent reference to the bayonet as in our own Field Exercise. On the whole, therefore, though more tact than hitherto will be required in the use of the bayonet, we do not believe that the weapon is obsolete any more than we believe that cavalry will be replaced by mounted riflemen.

The importance of the subjects of line formation and the use of the bayonet is so great at the present moment, when such extensive modifications of the art of war are taking place, that we make no excuse for the length of our remarks on that portion of the book before us which relates to it. The other chapters, however, which consist of a record of the autumn campaign and a series of able criticisms on it, are scarcely less interesting. "The general idea" promulgated at the commencement of the campaign was not, in our author's opinion, sound. It was assumed that Carey at Hartford Bridge Flats, though equally strong with Hope Grant, was alarmed because the latter threatened his communications with Staveley at Woolmer, and consequently fell back on the latter. But the author correctly points out that Carey had no reason for fear, and that Hope Grant ought to have avoided placing himself within a day's march of two armies each as strong as himself. He is not less severe on "the general idea" issued for the guidance of the opposing generals on the 16th September, the date of the first battle of the mimic campaign. He points out that, as we remarked at the time, it was an error for Hope Grant to detach, as in compliance with the programme he did, a skeleton force representing two thousand men in the direction of Hungry Hill. That body, completely isolated, would, in real war, have been certainly disregarded and captured. The order that Carey should take 10,000 men against this weak detachment appears to have been equally in violation of the principles of military science. Indeed it was a mistake to turn Hope Grant's right, instead of his strategic flank, his left. The author concludes from the events of the day that Grant, recognizing the defects of the Hog's Back, a bald narrow ridge with the front (from the broken nature of the ground) most favourable to the attack, determined only to occupy it with a rear guard. It is certain that he did only occupy it with four battalions, a regiment of cavalry, and half-a-dozen guns, and determined that his main position should be Gravel Pit Hill. The author justifies Grant's feeble defence of the Hog's Back, but we find ourselves unable to adopt his opinions in full. That the ridge was narrow, and exposed to distant artillery fire, is true, but the reverse slope of the hill furnished ample cover for his supports, and the banks and hedges on its front slope and on the summit afforded good opportunities for a stout rear-guard fight. The retreat moreover of Grant's battalions would have been covered by the fire of the artillery on Gravel Pit Hill, which was distant not more than three thousand yards from the summit of the Hog's Back. The attack on Gravel Pit Hill was, we agree with the author in thinking, decisively repulsed, "but his retreat had been pre-determined in order to comply with Control arrangements." Indeed throughout the campaign the costly Control seems to have acted as a drag on the military operations. We must also refer to the manner in which the hands of the rival generals were tied by directions issued from Headquarters, to an extent

quite inconsistent with the declaration that "the most unfettered control in the strategical and tactical handling of the troops committed to their charge was delegated to the commanders of divisions."

The comments of "A Recluse" on the battle of Bisleigh Common are exhaustive and instructive, but we can only notice one or two points. Grant failed to derive full benefit from his superiority in artillery, which arm ought to have been disposed so as to bring a converging fire on the débouches from the tunnels under the railway embankment. Lysons, commanding one of his brigades, owing to a misapprehension due to a loose definition of the boundaries, extended his troops too far to the right, and had some of his battalions put out of bounds. He also neglected one of the bridges over the canal. Grant took up too long a line, and made preparations rather for a stout defensive battle than for an action to cover a retreat, which was inevitable. On the other hand, Staveley did not properly concert his movements with Carey, and commenced his front attack before Carey had come up on Grant's flank. This error was chiefly due to the fact that the two attacking divisions were not placed under one commander. The end of the affair was, as we know, that Grant fell back in disorder to Chobham Common. The chapter devoted to the battle of Chobham Common is full of clear criticism and instructive disquisition on questions of tactics. The action is thus tersely summed up:—"As a sight it was grand and enjoyable; as a preparation for the field it was worse than useless. It was calculated to convey impressions which are not real, and to confirm prejudices which are based upon ignorance of present warfare."

The final chapter treats of the last combat of the campaign, the battle of Fox Hill. The umpires pronounced Carey, who commanded the assailants, to have been victorious. Our author challenges their verdict. We confess that we share the opinion of the umpires. The author says that Carey's leading brigade under Lysons would, when it reached the summit of the plateau, have been swept away by Staveley's artillery. We believe, however, that a short movement to the rear would have provided Lysons with cover, furnished by the edge of the plateau, and that he could have remained there in comparative safety until the concentric movement had been completed. Moreover, he had surprised the wood bordering the Farnborough Road, and the skirmishers he threw into it could have checked any counter-stroke on Staveley's part. According to the author, Carey's conception was admirable, and was properly carried out until the plateau was crowned. Then occurred the error which might, and in his opinion would, have led to failure. That error consisted in not closely supporting the leading brigade with artillery and cavalry. Speaking of cavalry, we are glad to take this opportunity of clearing a gallant old soldier, Sir Thomas M'Mahon, from the blame which almost every critic has imputed to him. It is said that, if the cavalry had been properly handled, Carey's surprise would have been impossible. Now we happen to know that Sir Thomas repeatedly asked permission to send his cavalry out to scout, and failed to obtain it.

We could willingly, if space permitted, extend our notice of this book, for it is clearly and powerfully written, and every assertion is supported by arguments which, if not always convincing, are invariably entitled to consideration. Among the many valuable results of the autumn manœuvres not the least valuable is this able and instructive "Retrospect."

TWO MINOR NOVELS.

CLOSE acquaintance with German literature has enabled the author of *Linked at Last* to produce a very fair imitation of the real thing. It has of course the necessary defect which belongs to all imitative work, in the evidence it gives of a certain sense of effort after accurate local colouring, which is quite different from those half-unconscious touches which mark the scene and express the author's inbred familiarity with what he describes more vividly than any amount of conscious labour can do. But, apart from this inevitable drawback, it is a creditable performance enough, and depicts the quiet life of a German village with both grace and pleasantness. The happy, dreaming, romance-weaving life of childhood of course comes in as part of the picture; the pure love of youth and maiden, of the kind which the "little sister who dwelt beyond sea" typified in her three gifts, has its fitting idyl. In contrast to this comes the commonplace betrothal of two heavy, lumpish souls, where her dower and his golden count for everything, and human affections for nothing. The village inn-keeper, a person as important as the village miller or the very pastor himself, and the small intrigues and ambitions of the village aristocrats, with their sons to marry where rich portions have been saved up, and their daughters to settle for life where fertile fields and substantial farm buildings are the hereditary possessions of the family and likely to pass to the eldest son, are also brought before us as the circumstances which belong to the typical German picture of which *Linked at Last* assumes to be one view.

* *Linked at Last*. By F. E. Bunnell, Translator of B. Auerbach's "On the Heights," Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," &c. 1 vol. London: King & Co.

Sisters and Wives. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline." 1 vol. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

If the loves of weak-willed Heinrich and Rosa, fond, devoted, but dowerless, are less nationally characteristic than might have been, they are fairly interesting, albeit sad, at least for one of them. To be sure they are not German, but they are human; and catholicity of drawing is perhaps as good as correct local colouring. Of the two pairs of lovers represented, Heinrich and Rosa, and Newton and Nesta, the men alone are substantially constant. Heinrich has the look of some lapse of virtue in that direction, and as if he were about to play false with poor oppressed little Rosa for the sake of Marie Dreuser's money. Perhaps he might have been led on to the final act of perfidy if he had had the chance, since he was not a youth of much moral firmness; but as Marie jilted him and transferred herself and her wealth to a rival, Heinrich was free to be constant long after Rosa had replaced him by another. When the former slighted Cinderella has found her fate and happiness as the wife of an honest English farmer, and as the mother of seven children, Heinrich Müssinger pines away in his native Auerbach, and dies quite as much of grief as of consumption. And in the loves of Newton and Nesta, Nesta, though confessedly a type of constancy, does forget Hugh Arden when he is dead, and does solace herself by the love of the living. But Newton is constant all through, and so we may suppose Hugh Arden has been. The loveliest person in the story is this calm and saintly Nesta. She always composes well, and sheds a peculiar tenderness on all with which she is related. She is like one of Retsch's outline figures—a sweet and tender maiden, whose love has no passion, and her sorrow no bitterness. From the introductory scene, which in point of chronological arrangement should have been the last, and all the way through, she is delightful. As the young bridesmaid in her wreath of roses, as Hugh Arden's girlish lover, as the sweet and patient "Tante Nesta," ever ready to help the little ones, and dearer to them than their own mother, as the womanly sympathizer with poor Rosa, as the lay sister tending the sick and dying, she is always a sweet and pure object, whom doubtless the young, for whom the book is best adapted, will appreciate. And as the sentiment with which she is invested is not mawkish—at least not unbearably so—no harm will be done to counteract the elevating tendency of the character. Else a high-down story full of impossible morality is not always the best kind of reading for the impressionable young. There are many pretty little bits in this book. The slight touches indicative of Heinrich's love for pretty Rosa, while she is the mere slave and drudge of Frau Müssinger, his mother, whose shrewdness, keenness, eternal scolding, and unsympathetic but eminently just nature are evidently drawn from the life, are tenderly put in and not over-elaborated. Then the scene at the Kirchweih, where Heinrich dances with Marie Dreuser, while Rosa looks in at the door as disconsolate as a short-waisted Peri before the closed gates of Paradise, and then vanishes like a ghost, overpowered by the Frau's cruel, if accurate, method of adjusting persons and places—this is also very lifelike, and portrayed with sufficient spirit; in fact, the book altogether is pretty and pleasant, and, if slight in workmanship, is thoroughly sound in feeling.

Three stories bound together by the thinnest possible thread make up the staple of *Sisters and Wives*. The first tale is the history of Justina Chester, the second that of her sister Janetta, and the third that of Sophy, their half-niece, when they are both elderly women, and "poor Jack's" orphan child has to be provided for. These three women form a chord of character very distinct and well done. Justina, whose little history of love that looks like hate, and sharp criticism that means more real appreciation than any amount of flattery or contemptuous indulgence could do, is a woman of both depth of feeling and steadiness of purpose. She is the right hand, and more, of her thriftless, vain, sloppy mother, and of her back-boneless sister; and she it is who brings order into the affairs of the one, and supplies the moral support so much needed by the other. Her love affair with Dr. Holz, an army surgeon on his way to the Crimea, is very nicely told. The doctor thinks well of her, in fact loves her, but desires to prove her; and his proving takes so much the tone of censure that Justina accepts it as censure, and holds herself as lowest in his esteem. Not that she much cares, she says to herself after the manner of young girls—in novels—who love undetected by their own consciousness; still it annoys her. And so the little game goes on, with the reader standing by as a kind of benevolent old uncle, perfectly aware how things are, and how they will end.

The scene in the beginning of the book, where a number of fair maidens and youthful matrons, all more or less silly, are making up bandages and lint for the wounded, with Dr. Holz as general superintendent, and a "Sister" as the indulgent, if half scornful, lady president of the endeavour, is very pretty and life-like. And though, on account of the shortness of the story, all the subordinate characters are merely sketched in, yet they are wonderfully distinct, and so far help in the animation of the picture. Janie Seabrooke is especially good, if she herself is less charming morally than she might have been; and the airs of the youthful matron, Mrs. Vallance, "who had not yet recovered from the effect of her marriage," and whose one panacea for all ills was "If a married woman had been there," are charmingly indicated. The story is a mere sketch throughout, but it is as delightful as an artist's outline, and more pleasant than more elaborate work. In this first "book," as Miss Tytler calls her divisions, the ground is laid for the personages and events of the other two. Thus the scapegrace Jack, Justina's half-brother, whose orphan child Sophy forms the *motif* of the third story, meets

with an accident, and dies at St. Anne's, close to Three Elms, where Justina is paying a visit and making bandages and lint; and Justina sees him, and is reconciled to him. Here, too, Rowley Musgrave, who is also turned to account in the third book when a mature man, is brought before us a hobbledehoy fond of quarrelling with girls a few years his seniors; while foolish Mrs. Chester, and pretty, childish, weak-minded Janetta, are merely spoken of, to be more fully represented in the second story. But save for the reintroduction of names, the stories are substantially distinct, and have no real connexion with each other.

In the second book, called also "Won in an Hour," the heroine is Janetta Chester, and the hero one Mr. Duke, a prosperous tradesman of St. Anne's. It had been one of Justina's greatest efforts, before she married Dr. Holz and went off to try conclusions with life on her own account, to keep Janetta from sinking into a lower social grade than that into which she had been born. And in consequence of her success Janetta, at thirty or thereabouts, with her beauty on the wane, and her character becoming daily weaker under the urgent tyranny of her mother and old Sarah, is Janetta Chester still, and likely to remain so. But the Perseus whom time brings to this Andromeda of gentility is in every way different from the ideal she has pictured for herself, or that Justina would have chosen for her; and Miss Tytler has shown considerable skill in rendering the marriage of the faded, well-born beauty with the good-hearted, underbred, and prosperous shopkeeper possible even under the exceptional circumstances described. One sees, too, the difference she has intended between the unintellectual gentility of the lady and the well-read, well-educated, large-minded, and (conventionally) vulgar tradesman. The whole story is nicely told; and if, like Richard III., Mr. Duke's wooing was of the quickest, like his also it did its work and prospered. The little hitch that follows in their affairs comes in well as an exponent of character and a bettering of relations; and the way in which Janetta, even when most heroic, retains all her old ladylike weaknesses, and is as feeble as ever notwithstanding her sudden accession of resolve, is a very life-like and telling point.

Sophy, the niece, is the third and last of the portraits, and the least amiable. She is an ill-tempered, perverse, and ungrateful young person, who is brought into a wholesome state of mind through tribulation of a sharp kind. At one time we had no hope that she would-ever reform. There seemed to be no elements of good in her; but Miss Tytler's kindly philosophy overcame the apparent difficulty, and Sophy develops in the end into a being worthy of her aunt Justina. But how that desirable result is produced we must leave in the dark. The book is thoroughly wholesome reading for the young, for whom, like *Linked at Last*, it seems to have been especially written; and to say that a work has fulfilled its intention is to give it sufficient praise.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE practical interests of Europe may be but remotely affected by the issue of the recent war in Paraguay*, yet the struggle itself deserves the attentive study of persons interested in the problems of political and military organization. History, in fact, scarcely presents a more memorable example of what may be accomplished by discipline, patriotism, and valour against a vast superiority of force, or a more striking instance of the development which a nation's resources may receive from a long-continued course of sagacious administration directed by an iron will to a single end. In the eyes of a thorough disciple of Mr. Carlyle, this Japan of South America, where everybody was fed and nobody was idle; where the wisest head took thought for all the rest, and the very maximum of service to the State was as cheerfully rendered as inexorably required; where the wheels of Government were never clogged by the hesitation of the rulers or the resistance of the ruled, but performed their functions with the regularity of a machine—such a polity must appear an unapproachable model, the envy of Prussia herself. In reality, however, the history of Paraguay teaches a very different lesson, evincing the radical vice of any system of government which entrusts the destiny of a country to a single man. The accession of a ruler with a taste for war proved the ruin of Paraguay, and the marvellous coherence of her organization only served to prolong and aggravate her calamities. Few histories have been more systematically disfigured by party spirit, the opinions of European journalists during the contest having been usually determined by their republican or monarchical sympathies, and the few unbiassed eyewitnesses being justly characterized by Herr Schneider as military tourists rather than historians. His own endeavour at an impartial and methodical narrative is laudable, and in the main satisfactory, although it is impossible to ignore a decided Brazilian bias, to be accounted for perhaps by his information being mainly derived from Brazilian sources. At the same time we believe that his leaning is in the right direction. The defensive attitude of Paraguay throughout the greater portion of the contest must not blind us to the fact that this was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, and that the war began by a flagrant aggression upon her part. The pretext was afforded by Brazilian interference in

* *Der Krieg der Triple-Allianz gegen die Regierung der Republik Paraguay.* Von L. Schneider. Bd. I. Berlin: Behr. London: Asher & Co.

the distracted Republic of Monte Video, but it can scarcely be doubted that the real motive was President Lopez's desire to find employment for the splendid military instrument which, on his inauspicious accession to power, he found fashioned to his hand. With moderate political dexterity he might probably have enlisted the other Spanish American States of the Plata on his side; but his violence and arrogance united them against him, and his country, attached to him less by his personal ascendancy than by the iron bonds of a military discipline unexampled since the days of Sparta, perished along with him in the unequal strife. Herr Schneider's circumstantial narrative commences with the intricate but necessary detail of the civil commotions of the Republic of Uruguay, the very apple of discord to all the continuous States. It is not perhaps generally known or recollected that Brazil at one time endeavoured to incorporate this relatively small, but geographically and commercially most important, tract into her own dominions; and there can be little doubt that the resumption of the attempt upon some favourable opportunity will sooner or later occasion a most sanguinary conflict between this Empire and the Argentine Republic. This might have been precipitated on the present occasion if the Paraguayan President had played his cards with more adroitness. His rashness in assailing the Empire and the Republic simultaneously brought about the triple alliance of these States with Uruguay and the grand campaign, unique in the military annals of South America, but offering no little analogy to the sieges of Richmond and Sebastopol. The first stage of this, up to the passage of the Parana by the allies, is described in the volume before us; the most interesting and characteristic portion is to come. Herr Schneider possesses many of the attributes of a good historian; his chief defect is an over-copiousness of detail in minor matters. The occasion of his undertaking the work was his engagement as *rédauteur* of Paraguayan news for a Berlin newspaper; and, besides access to all published works and documents, he has had the advantage of information from German officers employed in the Brazilian army.

Georg Hiltl's history of the late war*, being designed for popular reading, is too one-sided for the exigencies of historical criticism, and the original sources of information to which the compiler has had access do not seem to be of much importance. It is, however, a creditable specimen of its class, fairly written and handsomely printed.

Theodor Fontane's tour in the North of France and the recently annexed provinces† was performed at the Easter of last year. It has afforded material for an entertaining pair of volumes, not remarkably profound or instructive, but written in an excellent spirit, and attesting a lively faculty for observation. Herr Fontane candidly admits the extreme disinclination of the people of Alsace and Lorraine to accommodate themselves to the new order of things, and apparently considers that it is more likely to be aggravated than mitigated by the administration of the German officers set to rule over them.

It is beginning to be understood how deeply Germany is indebted for her present greatness to the philosophers and serious thinkers whose imputed want of common sense has so frequently been the butt of superficial criticism. Professor von Sybel‡ has laid his countrymen under a real obligation by his earnest and by no means unnecessary warning against the temptation of undervaluing their vanquished enemies. In a brief but pregnant pamphlet he rapidly characterizes the fundamental distinctions between Germans and Frenchmen, both in their nature and in their external manifestations, and points out with admirable good sense what Germany may learn from French example, alike to imitate and to avoid.

A brief history of last year's agitation for shortening the hours of labour in England§, translated from an English manuscript, and accompanied by versions of the most important leading articles and letters to newspapers on the subject, is an able, concise, and candid summary of this episode of our industrial annals.

The interest of the subjects already announced for discussion, and the names of the writers, afford sufficient promise of the importance likely to attach to a series of pamphlets on the principal controverted questions of the day, produced at Berlin under the experienced editorship of MM. von Holtzendorff and Oncken.¶ The series is opened by Dr. H. Lang's "Life of Jesus and Church of the Future," a summary of the researches of the Tübingen school in New Testament criticism; it is clear and comprehensive, but makes no attempt to discriminate between the actual demonstrations, the adventurous generalizations, and the ingenious paradoxes of that brilliant but unsafe body of critics.

The present instalment of Dr. Otto Meier's history of the ecclesiastical relations of Rome and Germany in the nineteenth century¶ is devoted to the Bavarian Concordat of 1821. The

book is terribly dry, but the subject is no doubt important from its bearing on the legal status of the "Old Catholics."

The genealogy in the tenth chapter of Genesis enumerates the Canaanites and Phœnicians among the children of Ham, whereas their language was demonstrably identical with that of the Semitic Hebrews. The most obvious way out of the difficulty is the supposition that the Hamitic and Semitic languages are branches from a common stem, and that the distinction of family is rather political or religious than ethnological. To establish this, the affinity of Egyptian with Hebrew must be proved, and we believe that philological inquiry tends rather towards this result. Assuming this relationship to be ascertained, Professor J. G. Müller* endeavours to account for the distinctions still subsisting between Semites and Hamites by a theory which regards the former as a branch of the Aryan family domiciled in Syria, which had adopted the language of its Hamite neighbours. This singular hypothesis is evidently the result of elaborate investigation, and is maintained with great sobriety of style, and a perfect command over the resources of erudition. The difficulty is to perceive the connexion between the facts adduced and the conclusions which they are considered to support.

Few men unendowed with creative genius have laid the literature of their native country under such obligations as Johann Heinrich Voss, and his life is sufficiently rich in incident and in characteristic traits to repay the labours of a biographer. The narrative has been admirably commenced by W. Herbst, whose sole apparent defect is to be even too exempt from the besetting failing of indiscriminate admiration, and scarcely to make so much of his hero as he fairly might. It must be admitted that the excellent Voss was singularly prosaic for a poet, but the massive worth and rugged independence of his character impose where they fail to attract. The sterling, but homely, tissue of his intellect presents a strong affinity to that of his English contemporary, Crabbe; like Crabbe also he owes his celebrity less to any distinctive eminence of genius than to the fortunate recognition of a peculiar department of art unoccupied before him, and entirely adapted to his powers. Crabbe found that the everyday life of the English peasant remained to be painted, and he painted it. Voss discovered the facility with which, alone among modern languages, the flexible and sonorous tongue of Germany could adapt itself to the reproduction of classical metres; and he endowed his native literature with the faculty of assimilating the literature of Greece and Rome. His negligent versification may have been surpassed by his successors, but his place in the annals of German letters, as well expressed by Niebuhr, is that not of a copyist, but of a re-creator of classical literature. His idyl *Luise*, though soon surpassed by a greater poet, and not much read at present, constitutes nevertheless an era in German poetry marking the triumph of nature over pedantry no less decisively than the kindred works of Cowper among ourselves. When to these services are added his successful conduct of the *Musenalmannach*, his philological labours, and his manifold relations with the eminent men of his time, involving sundry most vivacious and determined controversies, it will be apparent that the materials for an excellent literary biography are at hand, and Herr Herbst has turned them to good account by an admirable arrangement and a pregnant style. The first volume comprises the record of the young scholar's early struggles, his marriage and establishment as schoolmaster at Otterndorf, and his first attempts at original idyllic poetry and Homeric translation. The most generally interesting section perhaps is the description of the sturdy, healthy, but thoroughly prosaic, character of persons and things at Otterndorf, the place of all others most congenial to the idiosyncrasy of Voss himself.

Like most of the publications issued by the house of Teubner, Dr. Henkel's little treatise on political science among the Greeks† is characterized by lucidity and unpretentious thoroughness. It offers, in the first instance, a manual of the literary history of the subject, treating both of the extant and the lost productions of ancient writers. Their various theories, classified as pre-Platonic, Platonic, Aristotelian, and post-Aristotelian, are then analysed at length; and the last section treats of the dawn of political science, when the principles supposed to be established by that investigation of physical nature which was originally regarded as the sole mission of philosophy began to be applied to the ethical relations of men, first as individuals and subsequently as members of the community.

The educational system of Switzerland appears to be generally acknowledged as a model. The interesting volume of M. Aladár Molnár, the Commissioner specially appointed by the Hungarian Government to examine and report upon it, contains exceedingly full details of its organization in the cantons of Zurich, Bern, and Basel, with additional particulars respecting the normal, agricultural, and charitable schools of Switzerland and Bavaria. The volume is full of interest and instruction.

Professor Jessen§ is a physician whose attention has been principally devoted to mental disorders. The purpose of his "Physiology of Thought" is to enforce a discovery which he con-

* *Der Französische Krieg von 1870 und 1871.* Von Georg Hiltl. Abth. 1. Bielefeld: Belhagen & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aus den Tagen der Occupation. Eine Ostreise durch Nordfrankreich und Elsass-Lothringen, 1871.* Von Theodor Fontane. 2 Bde. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Was wir von Frankreich lernen können.* Von H. von Sybel. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Zur Geschichte der Englischen Arbeiter-Bewegung im Jahr 1871.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen. Flugschriften zur Kenntniss der Gegenwart.* Herausgegeben von F. von Holtzendorff und W. Oncken. Hft. 1. Berlin: Luderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Zur Geschichte der römisch-deutschen Frage.* Von O. Meier. Th. 2. Rostock: Stiller. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Semiten in ihrem Verhältniss zu Chamiten und Japhetiten.* Von J. G. Müller. Gotha: Besser. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Studien zur Geschichte der Griechischen Lehre vom Staat.* Von Dr. H. Henkel. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Pädagogische Studien in der Schweiz und in Baiern.* Von Aladár Molnár. Pest: Aigner. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Physiologie des menschlichen Denkens.* Von P. Jessen. Hannover: Cohen & Risch. London: Asher & Co.

siders himself to have made, but which we can hardly suppose to be original with him, that the processes of thinking and of expressing thought in language are entirely independent of each other, and are probably performed in and by different departments of the brain. He has been guided to this conclusion by his experience of the rare malady *aphasia*, or a loss of the power of expression, while the reasoning faculties continue unimpaired. Several remarkable instances are cited, and the work is in general entitled to respect from its candour and perspicuity. In psychology Professor Jessen is a disciple of Locke.

Dr. E. Askenasy's * criticism of the Darwinian theory illustrates the reaction against it in many quarters, not in favour of the doctrine of special creations, but from the growing perception of the inadequacy of the hypothesis of natural selection to explain all the phenomena. Dr. Askenasy's views seem not to differ very materially from those of Mr. St. George Mivart, although the resemblance is to a considerable degree obscured by the writers' fundamental discrepancies in thought and style. He argues forcibly against the derivation of organic existence from a single original germ, admits the theory of spontaneous generation as at least plausible, and considers that the process may still be in operation. Professor Weismann†, regarding the variability of species as established, argues against Moritz Wagner's theory, that it is principally due to the isolation of individual members. He is an entomologist, and his illustrations are principally derived from his own department of scientific research.

"Clear and True"‡, a series of popular geological lectures by Professor Quenstedt, relate especially to the geology of Swabia. They contain nothing original, but set forth the accepted geological doctrines in a very lively style, and are copiously illustrated by wood engravings.

The preface to the collected musical essays of A. W. Ambros§, a well-known musical critic, bespeaks a naïve apprehension lest the writer should peradventure be found too entertaining. These essays are in fact pervaded by a Heine-like striving for effect not always quite distinguishable from frivolity; but it is easy to excuse exuberances which are so evidently the mere overflow of an ample reservoir of technical knowledge. There are about twenty essays in the book, all very readable and interesting, and not the less so for numerous sallies of polemical vivacity. The most important, perhaps, are those treating of the romantic career of the Italian master Stradella; of Robert Franz, a lyrical composer little known here, but highly appreciated in Germany; of Wagner, who is assailed with considerable vigour; of Liszt, as a resident in Rome; and of the visits of German musicians to Italy, especially with a view of unearthing the grand old ecclesiastical and operatic music so generally condemned to oblivion by the Italians themselves.

"Curious Stories"||, by T. Piderit, is a little volume of little tales, well conceived for the most part, and promising some substantial literary achievement, but which all fall flat at the last from the author's apparent inability to give them a point. "Souls of Fire"¶, a collection of tales designed to illustrate abnormal psychological conditions and exceptional situations in life, is in general powerfully written, and attains the impressive without falling into the melodramatic. "The Squires of Wendenburg"**, a novel of incident, is on the other hand ostentatiously melodramatic; but, if making no sort of pretension to the refinements of art, is at all events passably entertaining.

Alfred Meissner's *Werinherus*†† is a narrative poem founded on the legend of a German troubadour who was also, strange to say, a monk, and returned to his convent after a brief and unhappy experience of the world. The tale is told with simplicity and pathos, in powerful language and verse remarkable for harmony. Fluency and harmony also distinguish Adolf von Schack's metrical romance of *Lothar*‡‡, but the subject seems hardly adapted for poetry. It would have made a good novel with more concentration of interest, and more attention to the delineation of character. The Oriental scenes, sketches from the writer's own experience of travel, are the most attractive portion. The same author's tragedy of "The Pisans"§§, founded on the story of Ugolino, is a meritorious work in respect of polish and elegance of diction, and fidelity in the representation of national manners, but fails in the tragic power requisite for the treatment of so tremendous and

revolting a subject. Everybody is far too amiable. The lyrics of P. J. Willatten* are pretty, musical, and by no means over-weighted with thought.

* *Gedichte*. Von P. J. Willatten. Bremen: Tannen. London: Nutt.

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† *Ueber den Einfluss der Isolierung auf die Artbildung*. Von Dr. August Weismann. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Klar und Wahr. Neue Reihe populärer Vorträge über Geologie*. Von Dr. F. A. Quenstedt. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Bunte Blätter. Skizzen und Studien für Freunde der Musik und der bildenden Kunst*. Von A. W. Ambros. Leipzig: Leuckardt. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Kuriose Geschichten*. Von T. Piderit. Berlin: Janke. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Feuerseen. Absonderliche Menschen und Schicksale*. Von Max von Schlägel. Berlin: Brühl. London: Nutt.

** *Wendenburgische Junker. Ein Familienroman*. Von C. Spielmann. 4 Bde. Leipzig: Kollmann. London: Nutt.

†† *Werinherus. Gedicht*. Von Alfred Meissner. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Lothar. Gedicht*. Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Die Fismar. Trauerspiel*. Von A. F. von Schack. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.